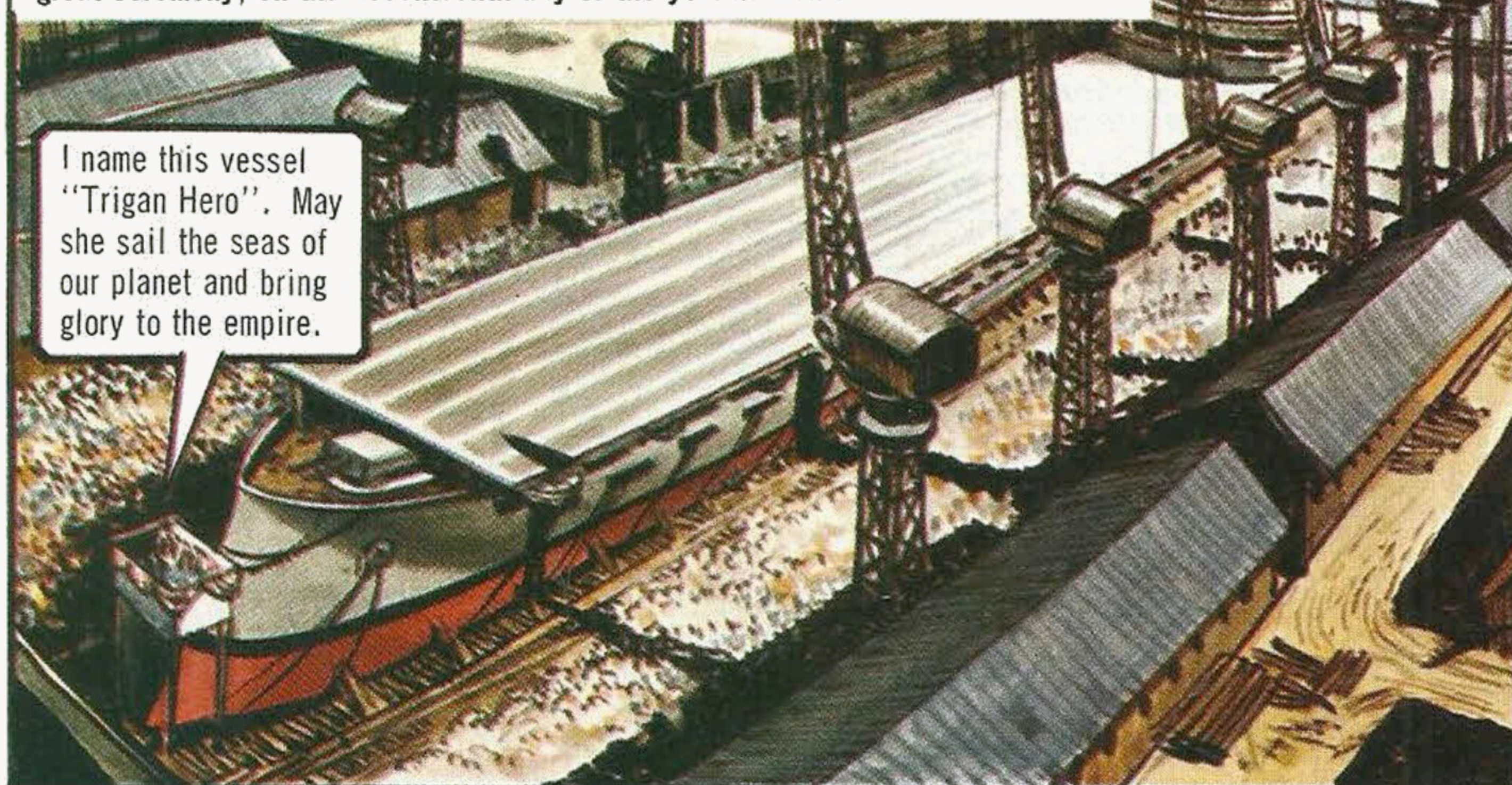


The planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire which is ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE

TRIGAN EMPIRE

The new Air-Fleet carrier "TRIGAN HERO" was launched by the Emperor, with great ceremony, on the seventeenth day of the year of Zenf.



I name this vessel "Trigan Hero". May she sail the seas of our planet and bring glory to the empire.

The Emperor's nephew, Janno, himself a pilot in the Air-Fleet, was flying over the scene of the launching.



There she goes! Be ready to land in formation as soon as she's in mid-harbour.

Janno and his companions were the first to land on the broad deck of the new carrier.



The "Trigan Hero" was leaving immediately for the Great Central Ocean, where a war with the state of Cato was threatening.



As soon as Cato gets news that we're at sea, they'll have second thoughts about making trouble.

Yes, Janno. With what we carry on this ship, we could take on Cato single-handed!

Among the massed crowds watching the departure of the great vessel was an individual with red hair.



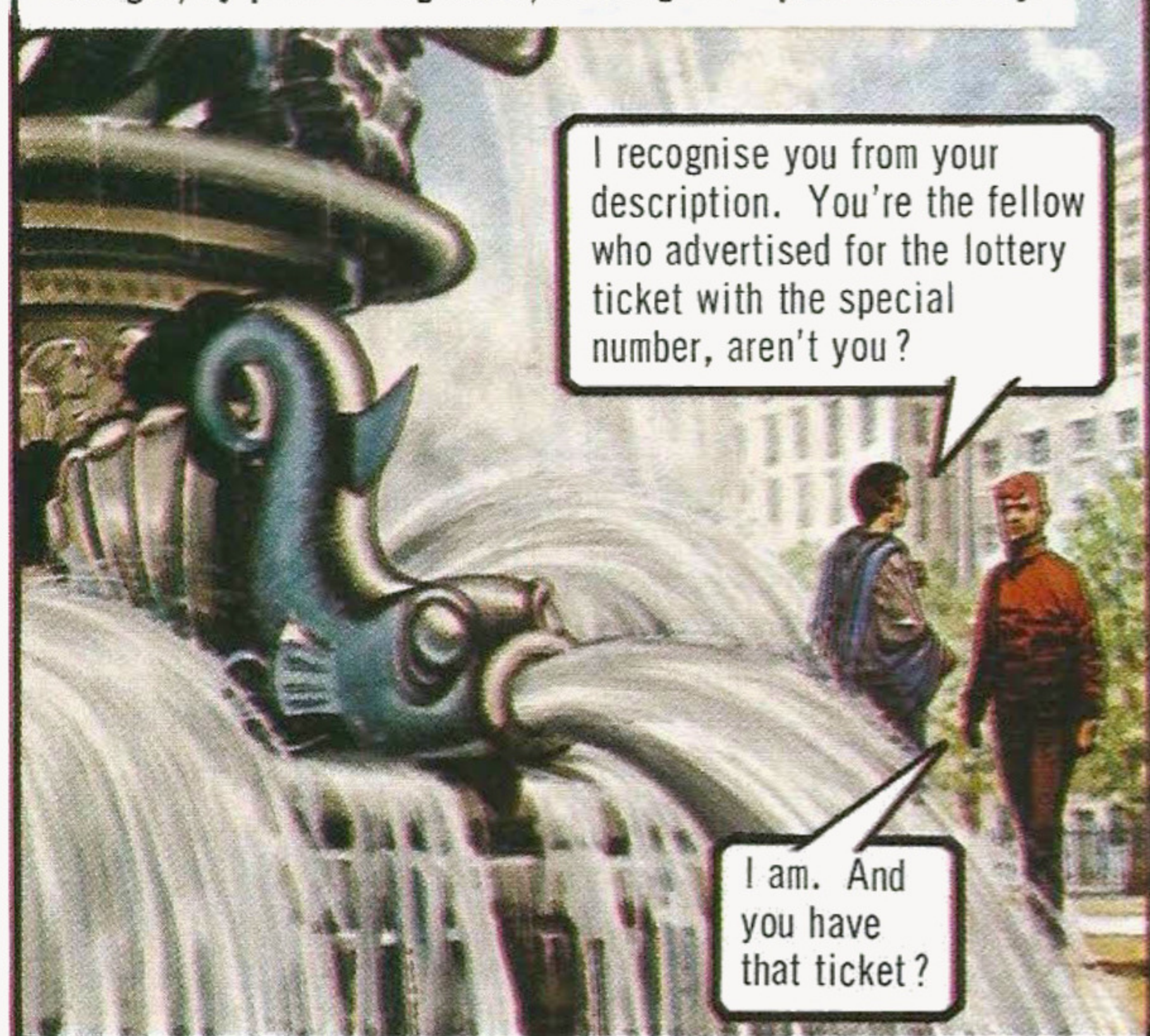
A fine ship!

Aye! Makes you feel proud to be a Trigan!

Those about him would have been shocked to have known his thoughts at that moment.

A pity that "Trigan Hero" is going to sink on her first voyage!

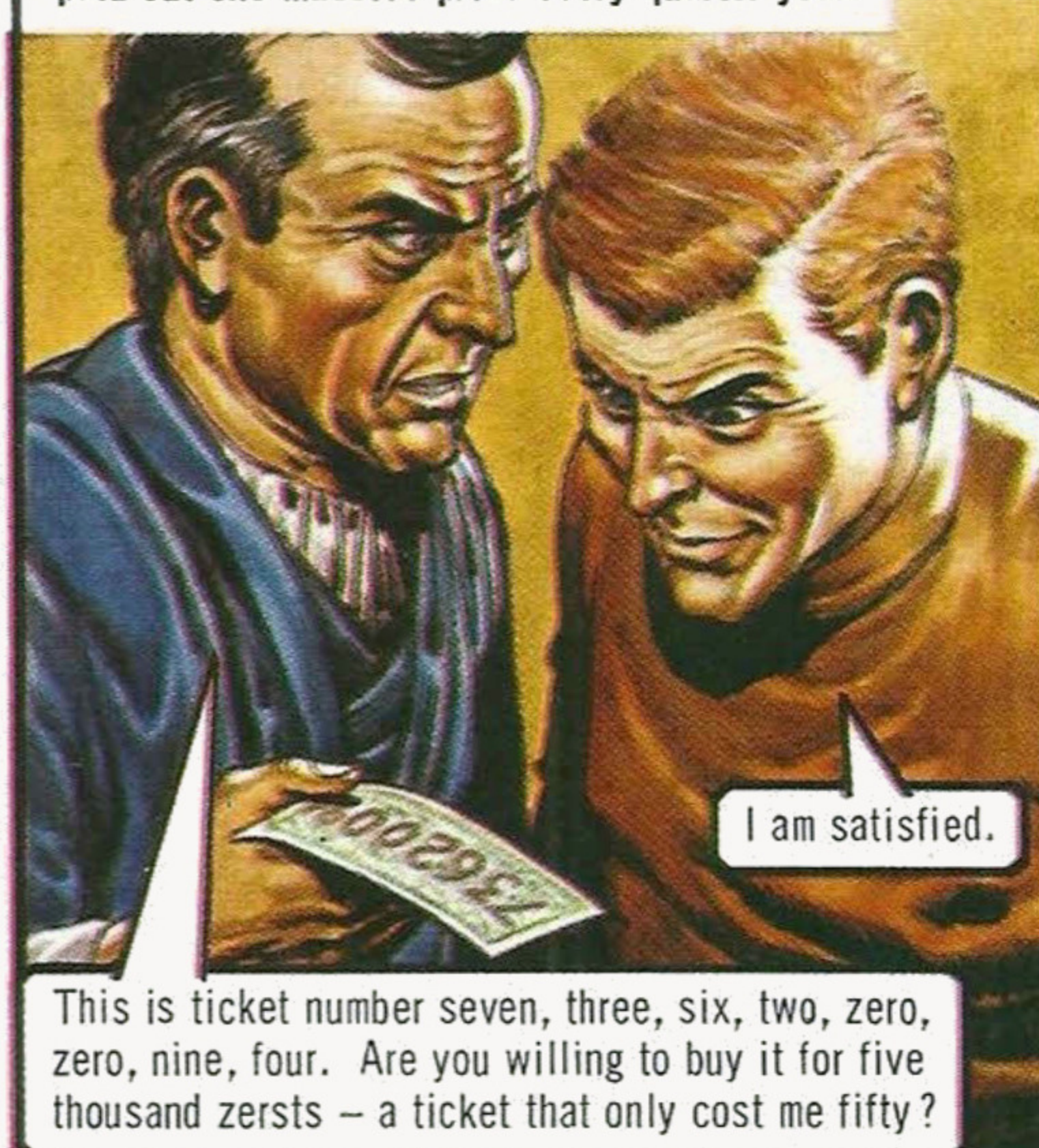
The red-headed one had an assignation that day. He met a stranger, by prior arrangement, in the great square of the city.



I recognise you from your description. You're the fellow who advertised for the lottery ticket with the special number, aren't you?

I am. And you have that ticket?

The Trigan Imperial Lottery, in addition to providing useful revenue for the state, paid out one massive prize every quarter-year.



I am satisfied.

This is ticket number seven, three, six, two, zero, zero, nine, four. Are you willing to buy it for five thousand zersts – a ticket that only cost me fifty?

The bargain was made.



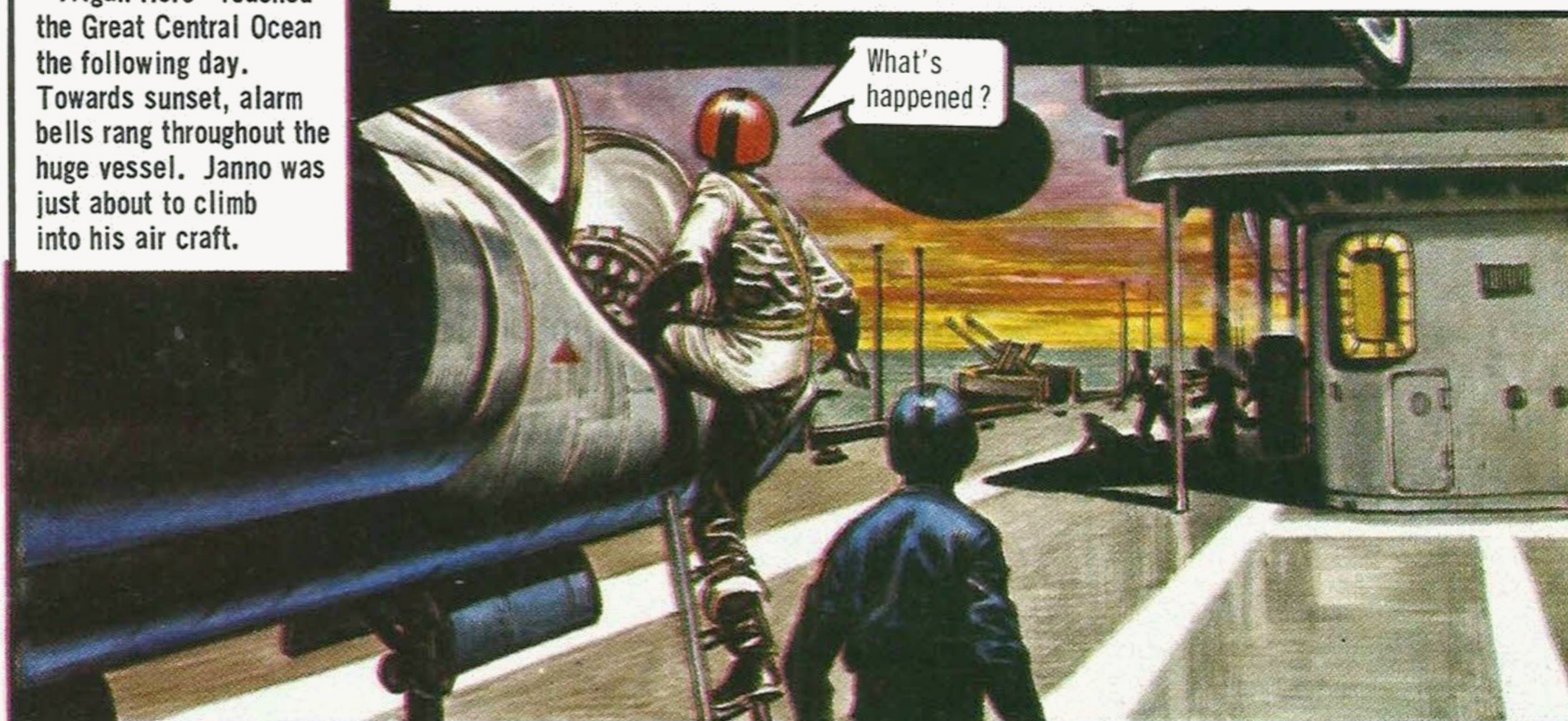
I will pay you in cash!

I don't understand it. You've made me an enormous profit, but your chances of winning with that ticket are millions to one!



You can't go wrong, especially when you know what's going to happen in the future!

"Trigan Hero" reached the Great Central Ocean the following day. Towards sunset, alarm bells rang throughout the huge vessel. Janno was just about to climb into his air craft.



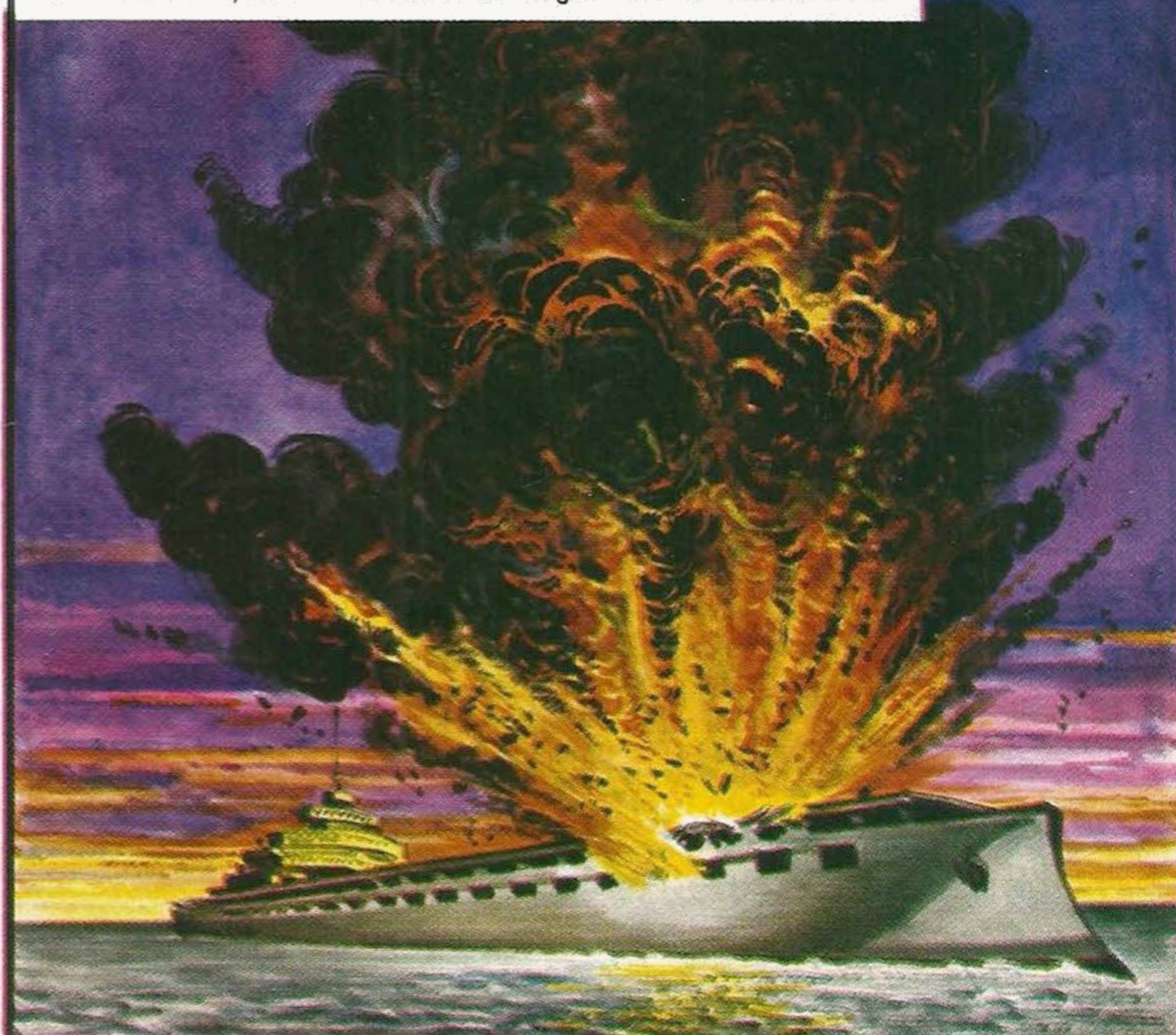
What's happened?

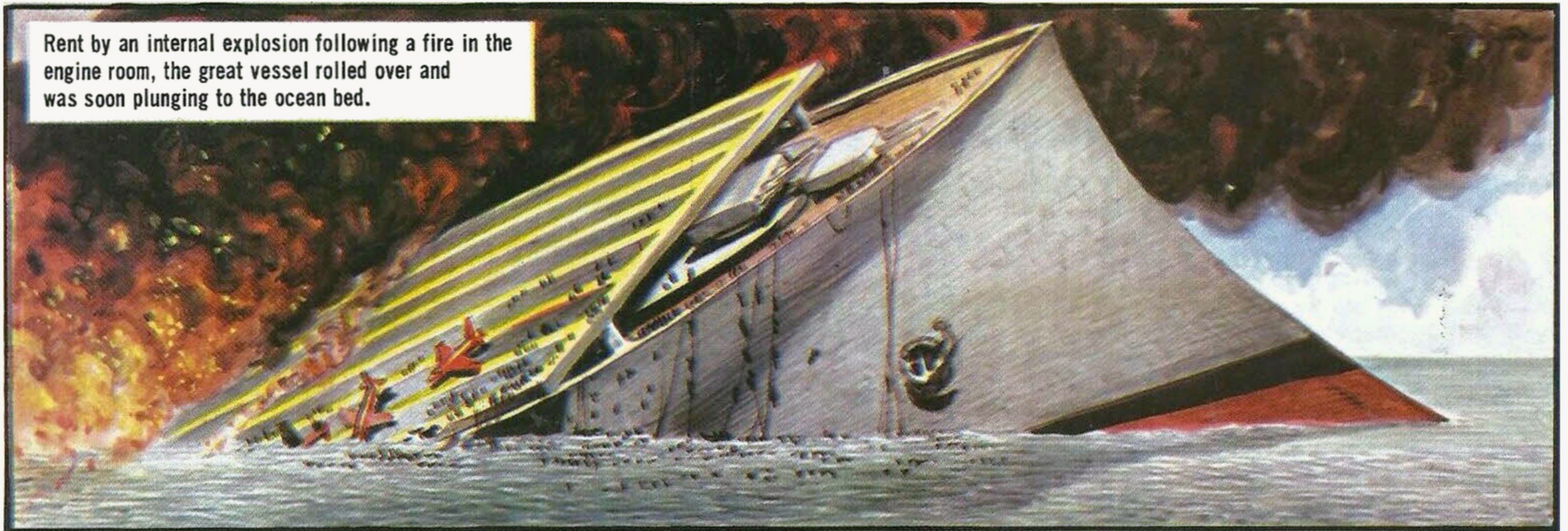


Fire!

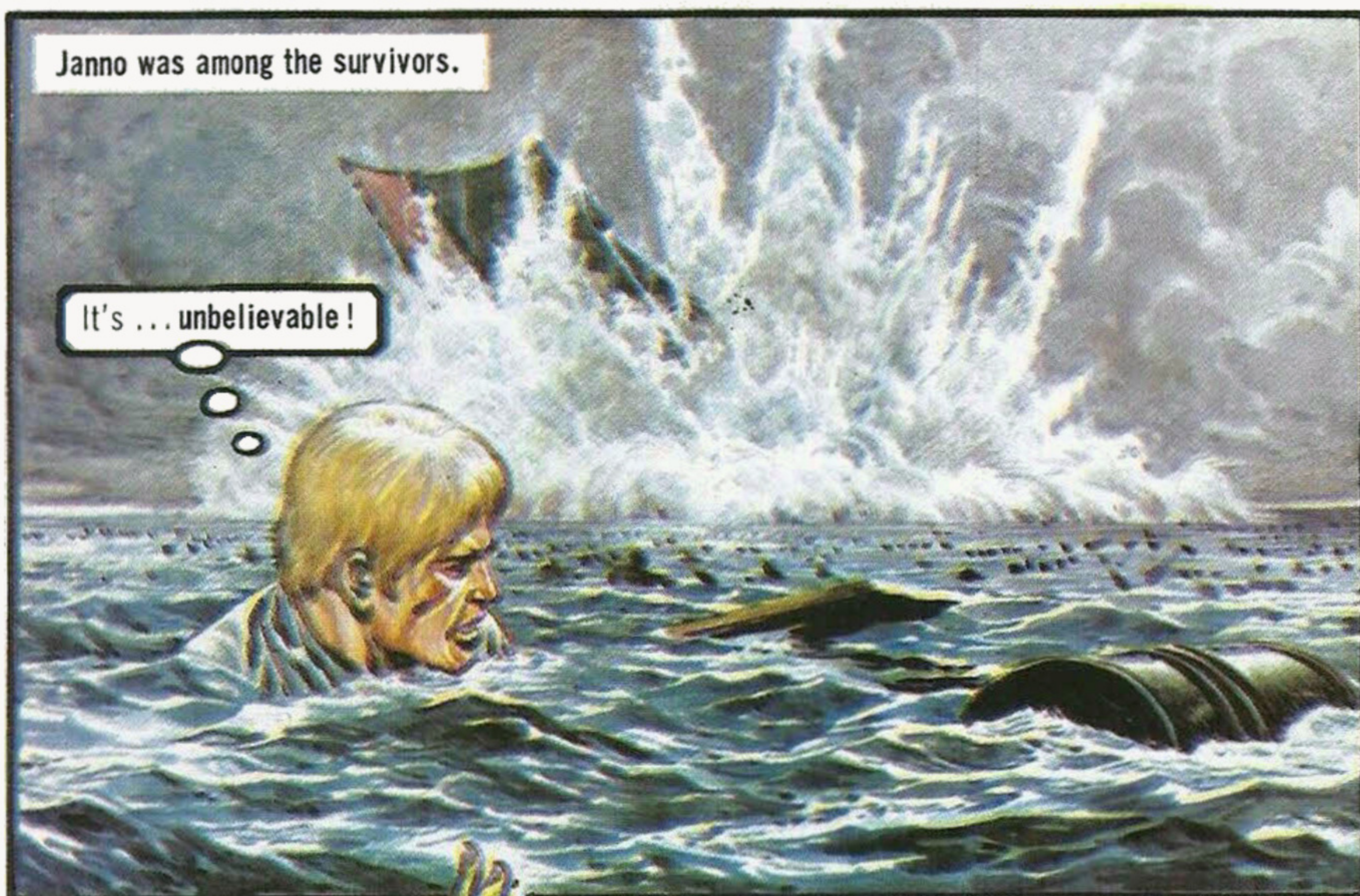
Fire in the engine room!

The next instant, the newest unit of the Trigan fleet was riven asunder!



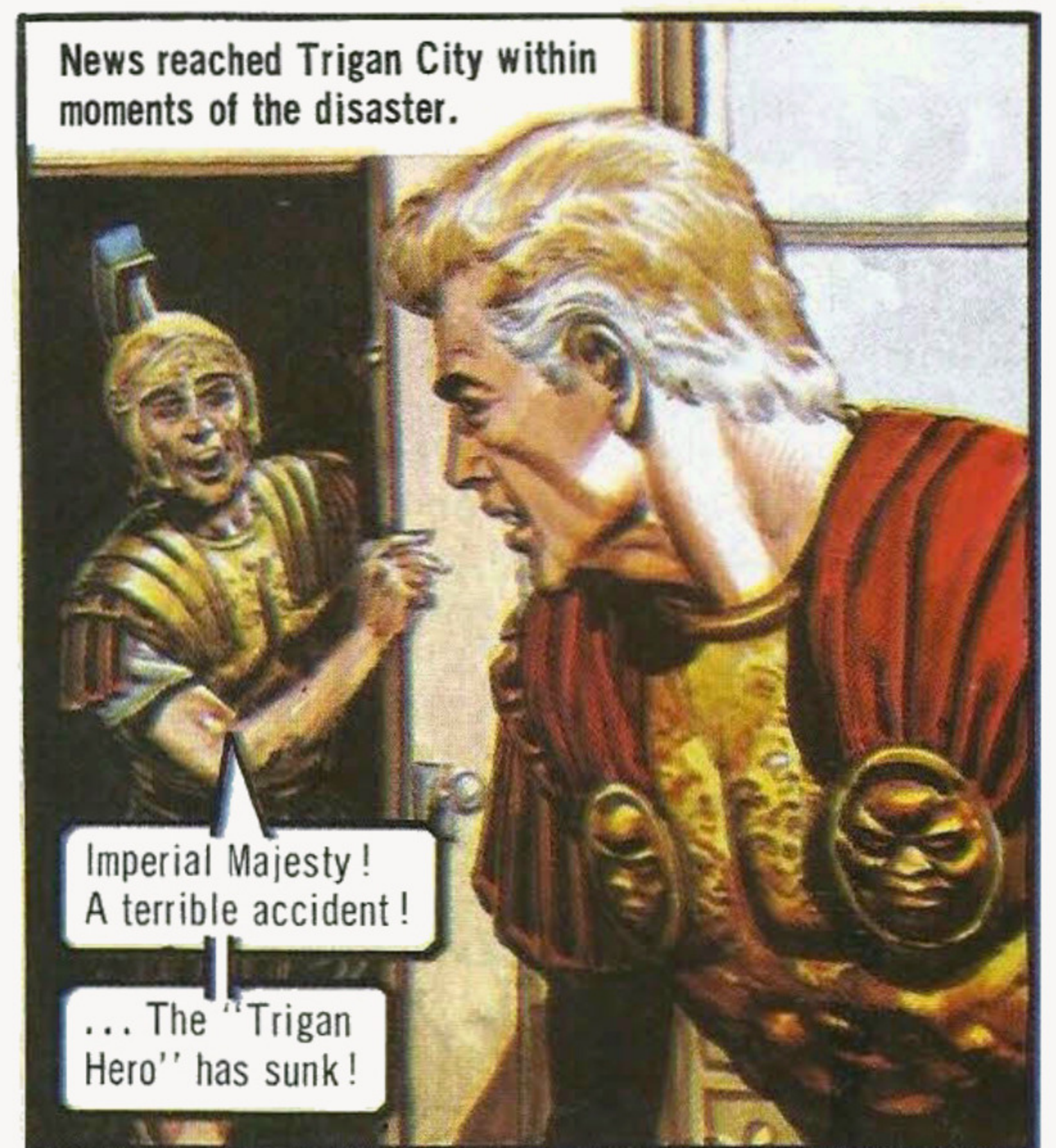


Rent by an internal explosion following a fire in the engine room, the great vessel rolled over and was soon plunging to the ocean bed.



Janno was among the survivors.

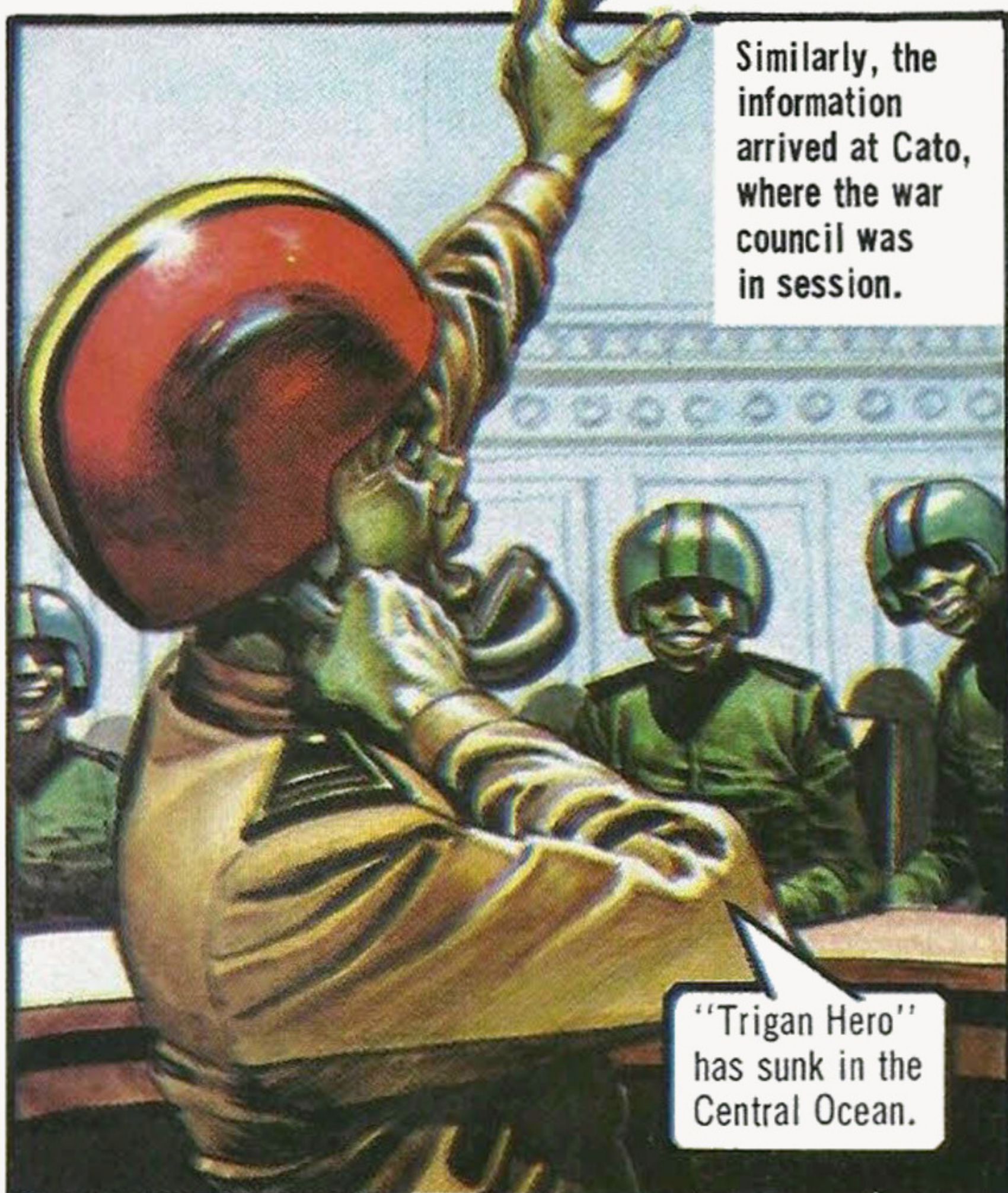
It's ... unbelievable!



News reached Trigan City within moments of the disaster.

Imperial Majesty!
A terrible accident!

... The "Trigan Hero" has sunk!



Similarly, the information arrived at Cato, where the war council was in session.

"Trigan Hero" has sunk in the Central Ocean.

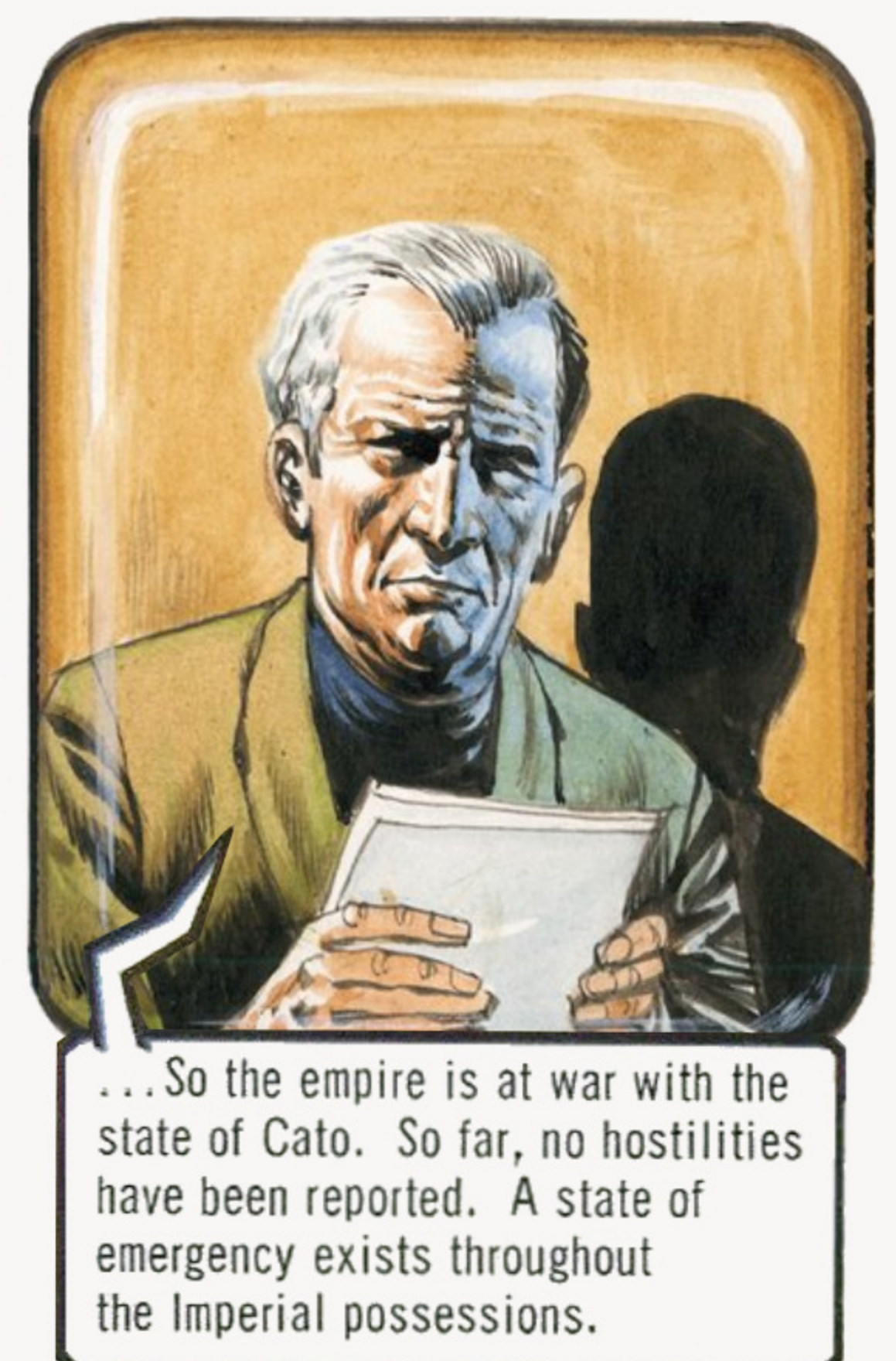


The issue was no longer in doubt.

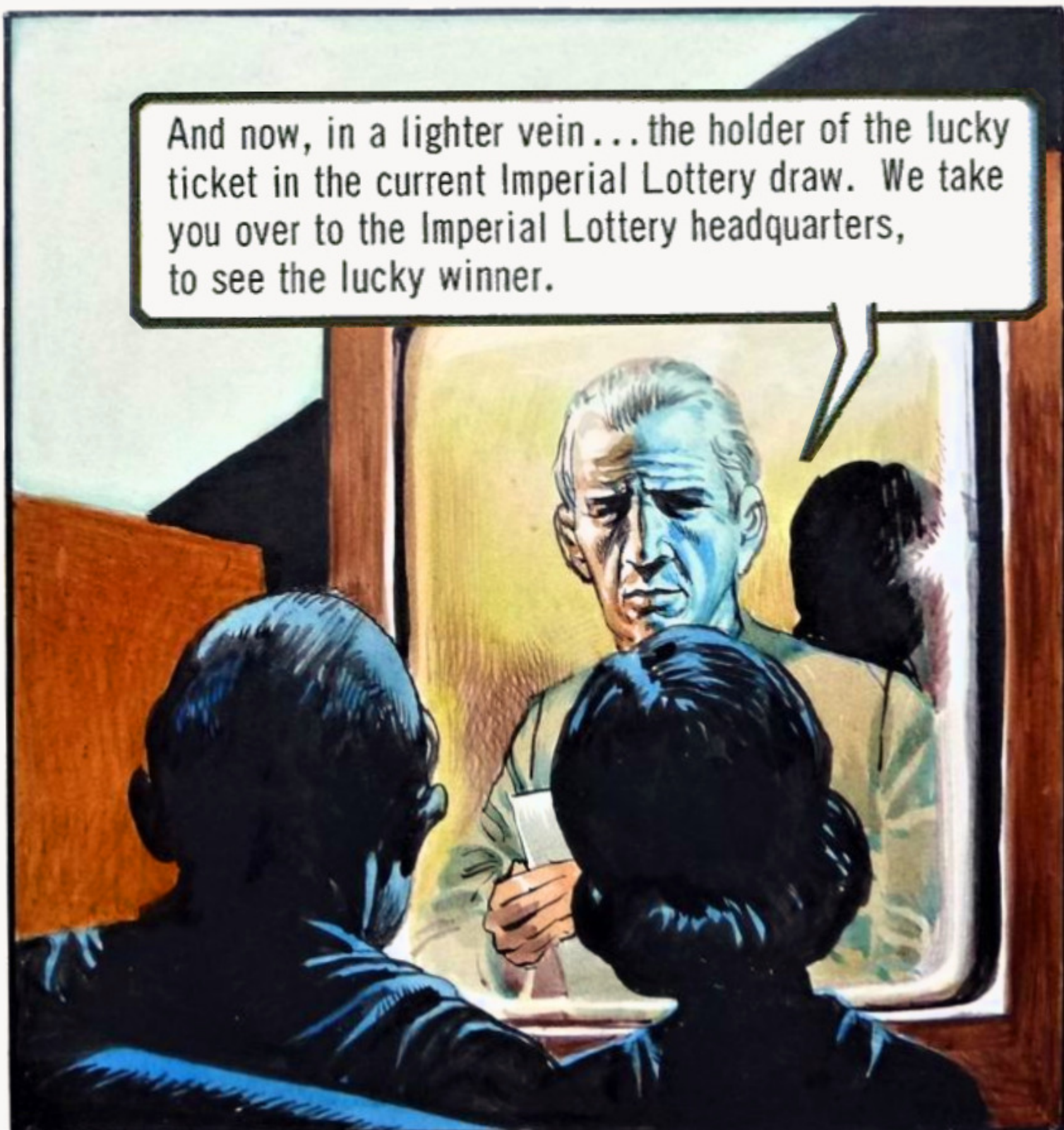
With one blow, Trigo has lost the most powerful weapon in his armoury.

So we will declare war on the Trigan Empire!

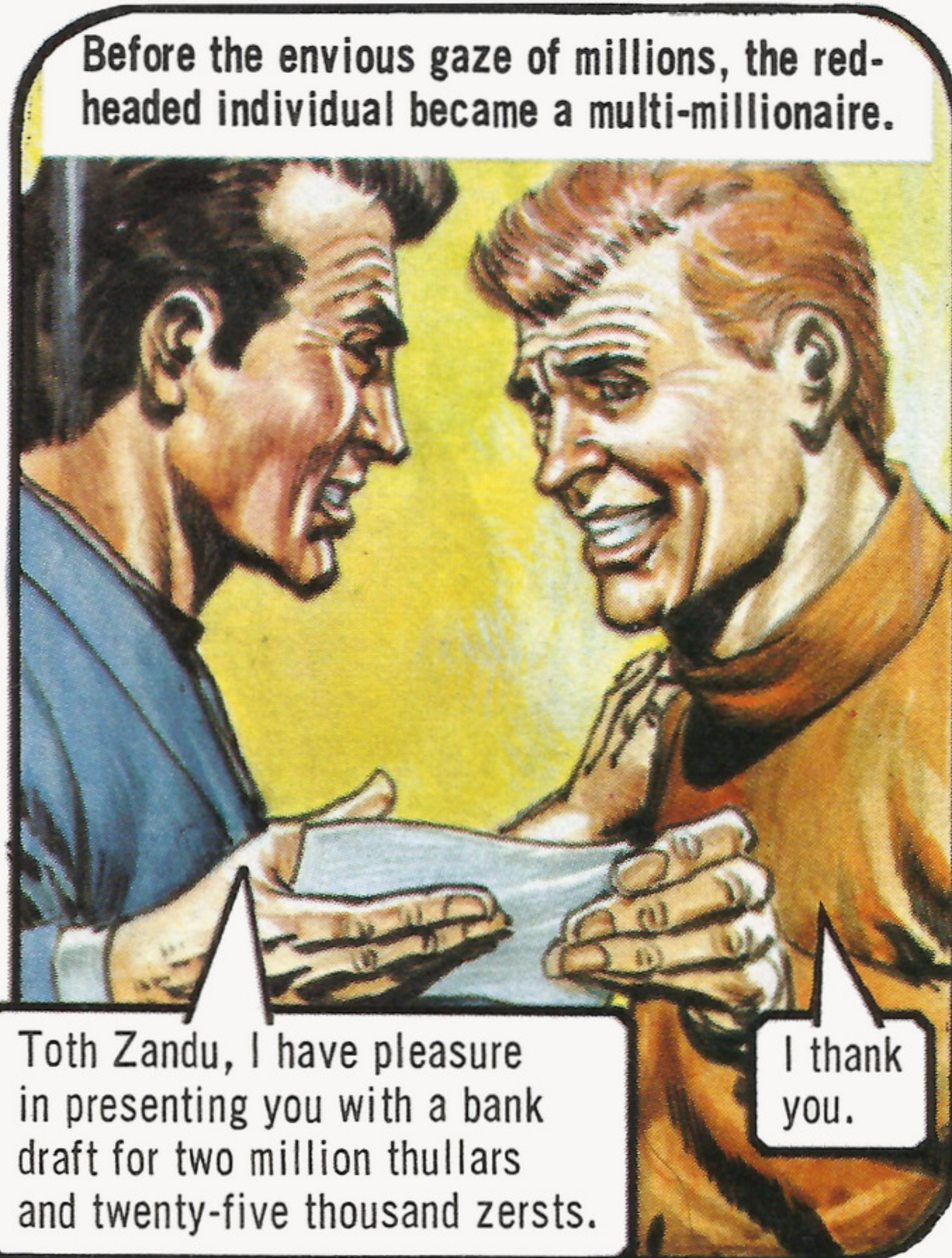
The Trigan news media broadcast Cato's declaration.



... So the empire is at war with the state of Cato. So far, no hostilities have been reported. A state of emergency exists throughout the Imperial possessions.



And now, in a lighter vein... the holder of the lucky ticket in the current Imperial Lottery draw. We take you over to the Imperial Lottery headquarters, to see the lucky winner.



Before the envious gaze of millions, the red-headed individual became a multi-millionaire.

Toth Zandu, I have pleasure in presenting you with a bank draft for two million thullars and twenty-five thousand zersts.

I thank you.



One viewer was more than envious, he was FURIOUS!

It's him! The fellow who bought my ticket off me for five thousand zersts!

And the ticket's won!



You threw away a fortune, you fool.

How was I to know it was going to win?

Come to think of it, how did he know?



The winner of the lottery, Toth Zandu, wasted no time in taking advantage of his good fortune. He went to see a luxury villa in the smartest part of the capital.

Apart from the beautiful view, the property has many advantages. Expensive, of course, but...

I'll buy it!

Established in his new residence and surrounded by every luxury that money could buy, Toth Zandu congratulated himself.

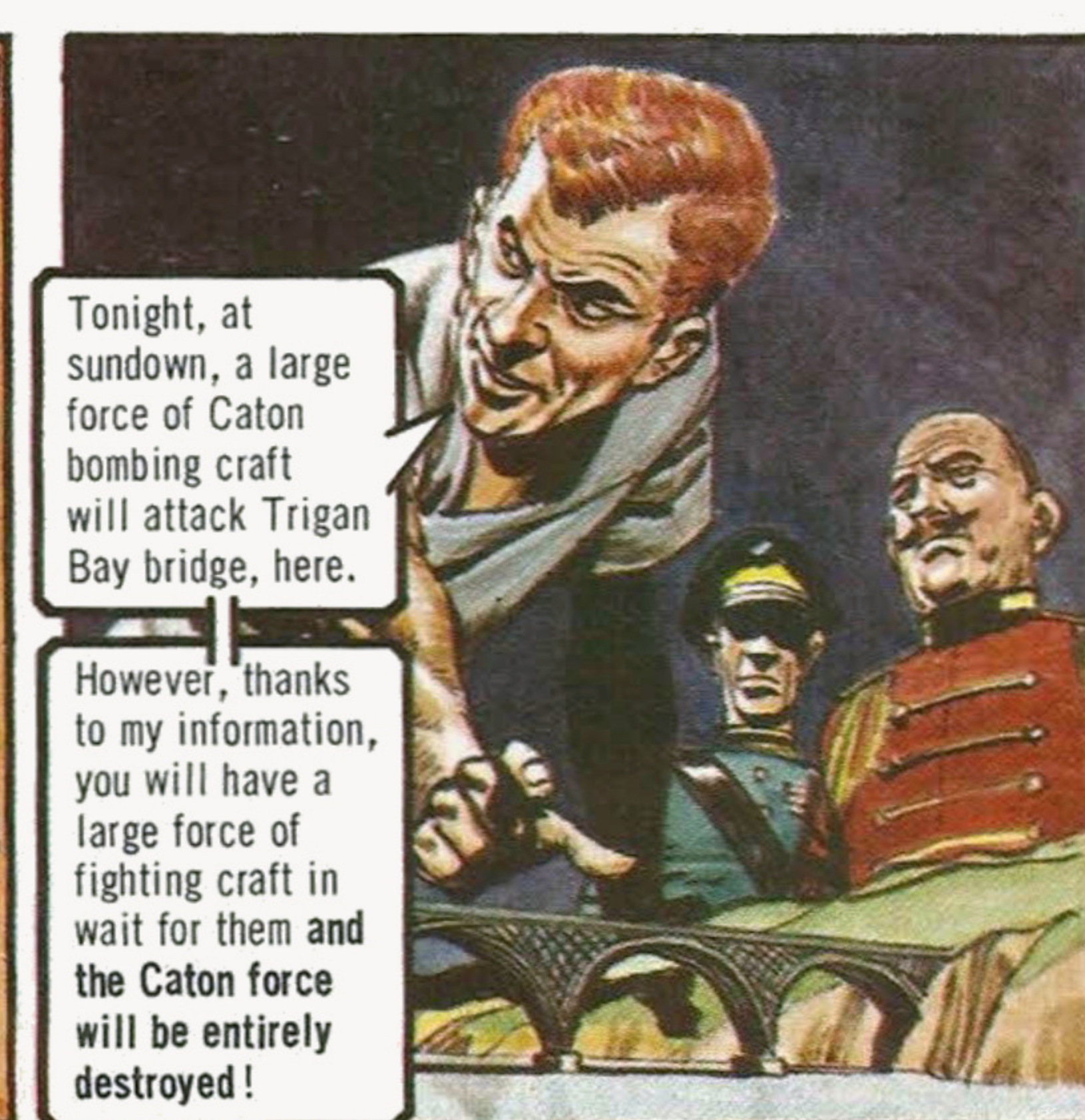
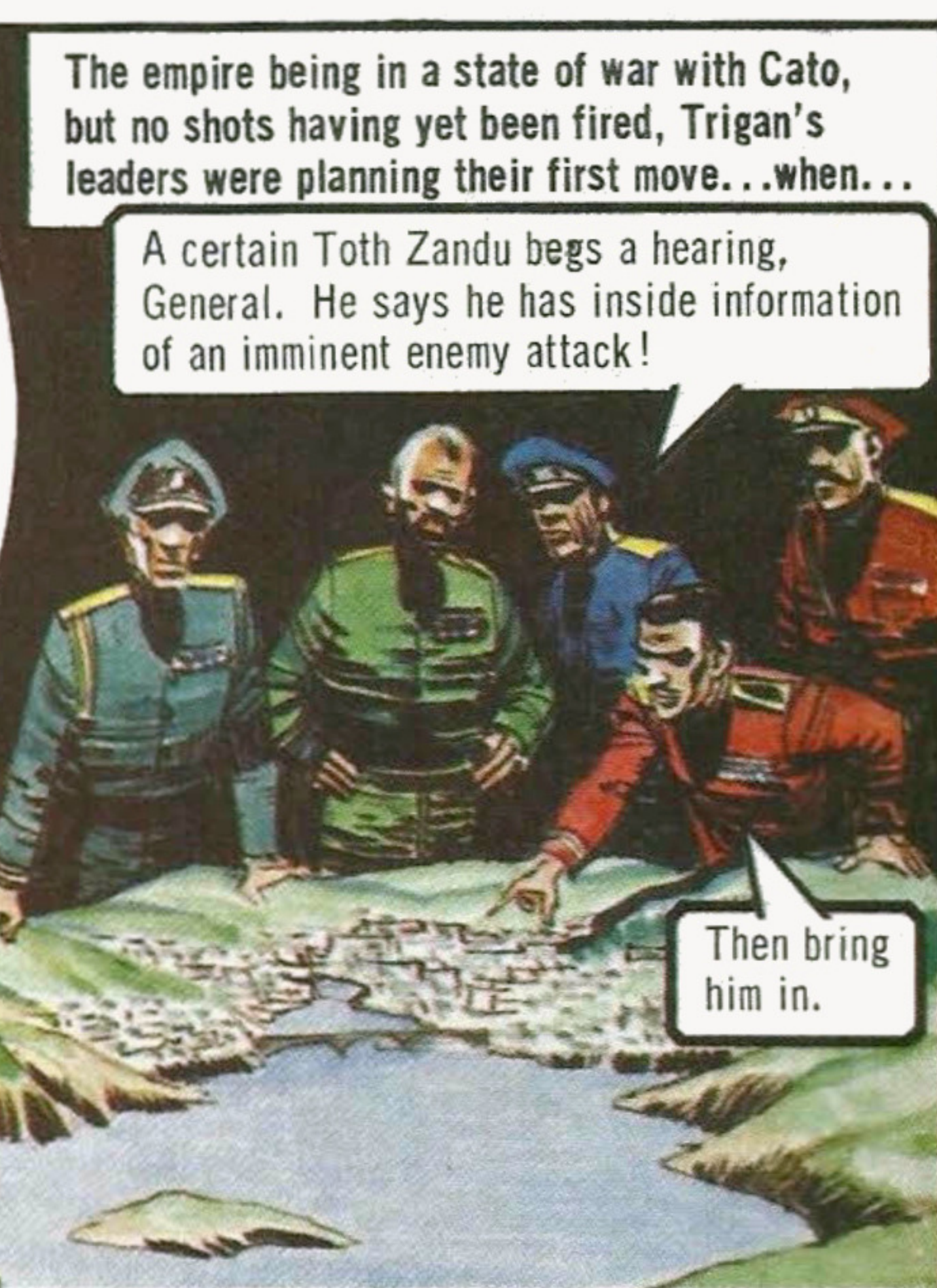
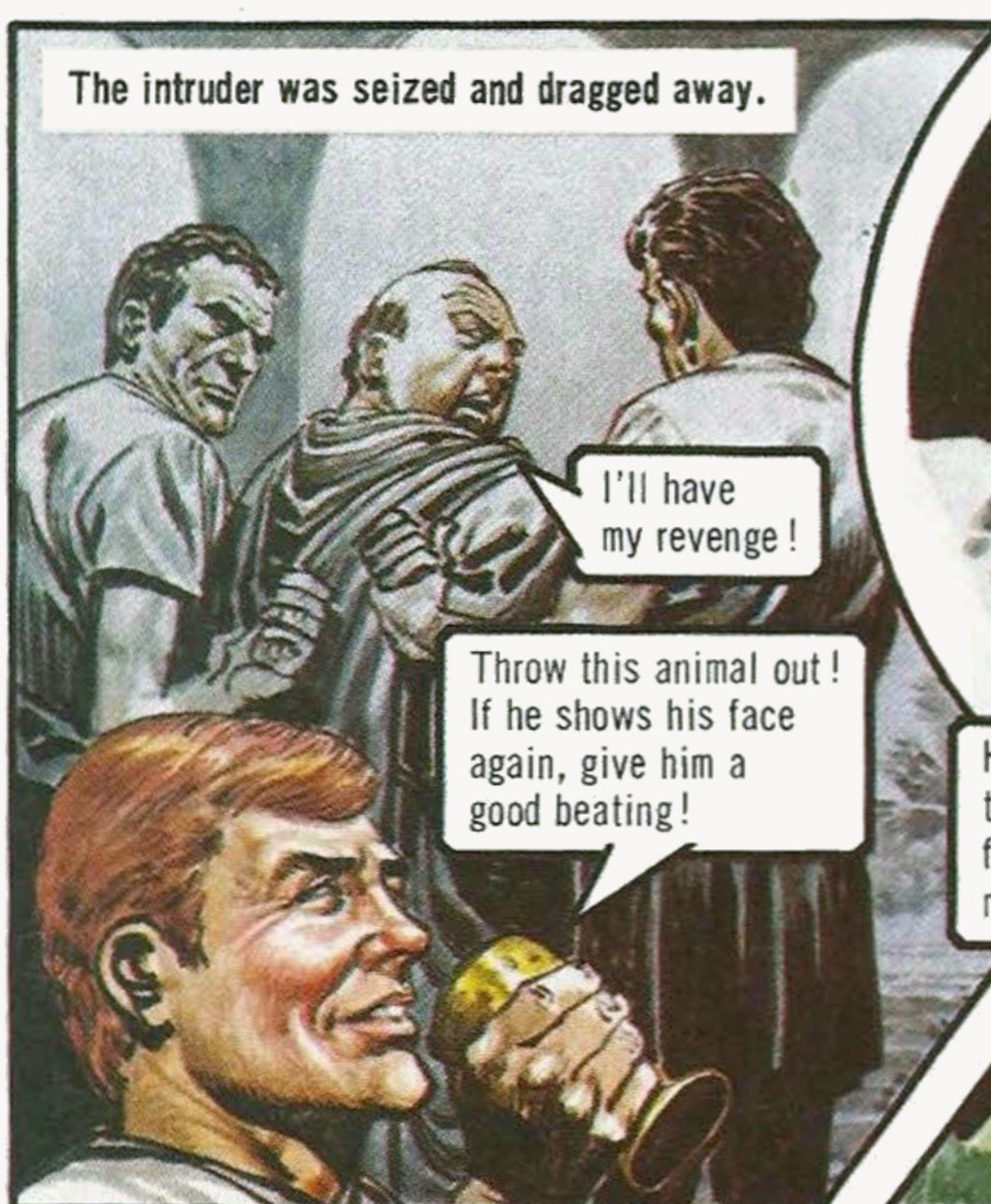
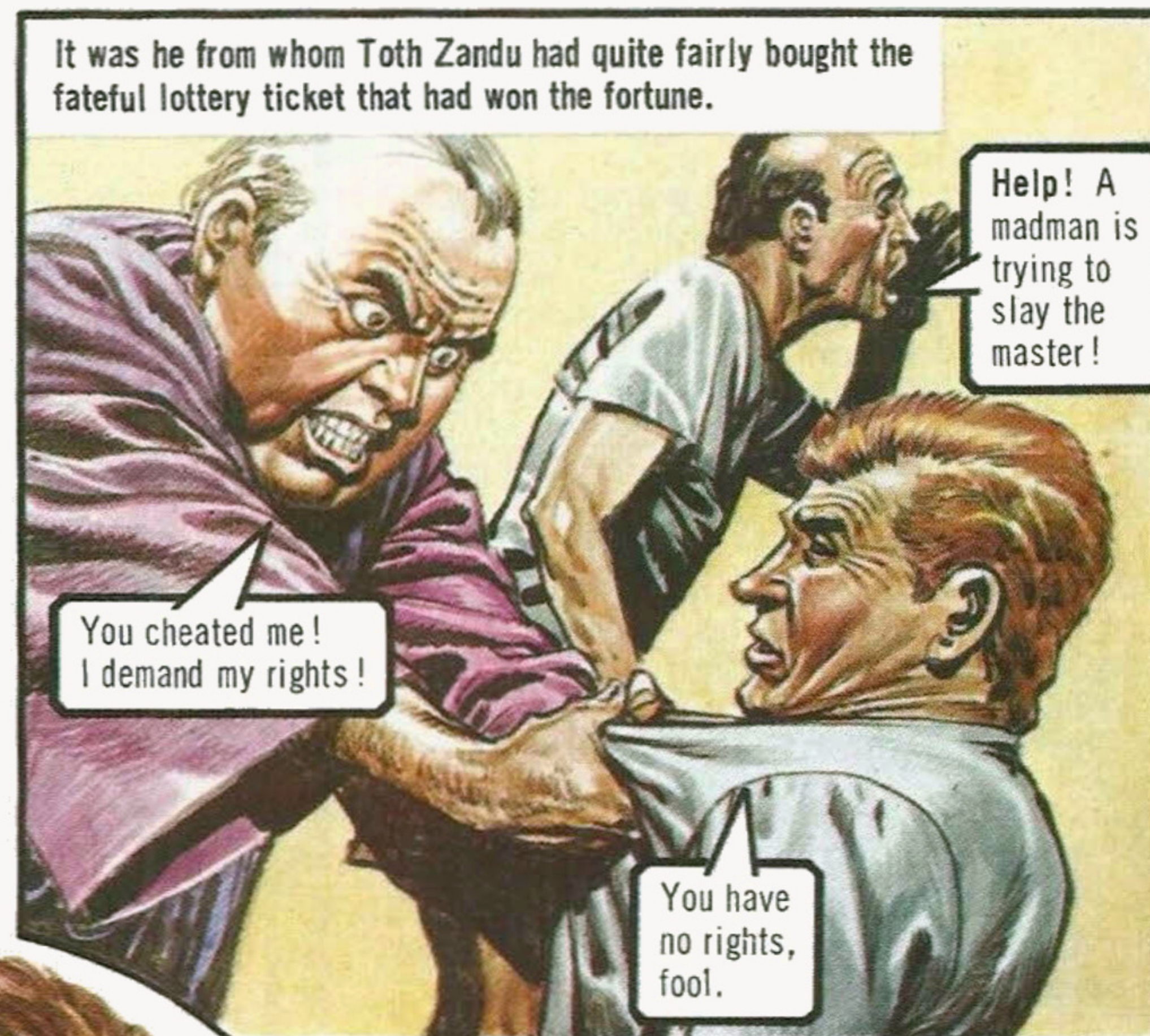
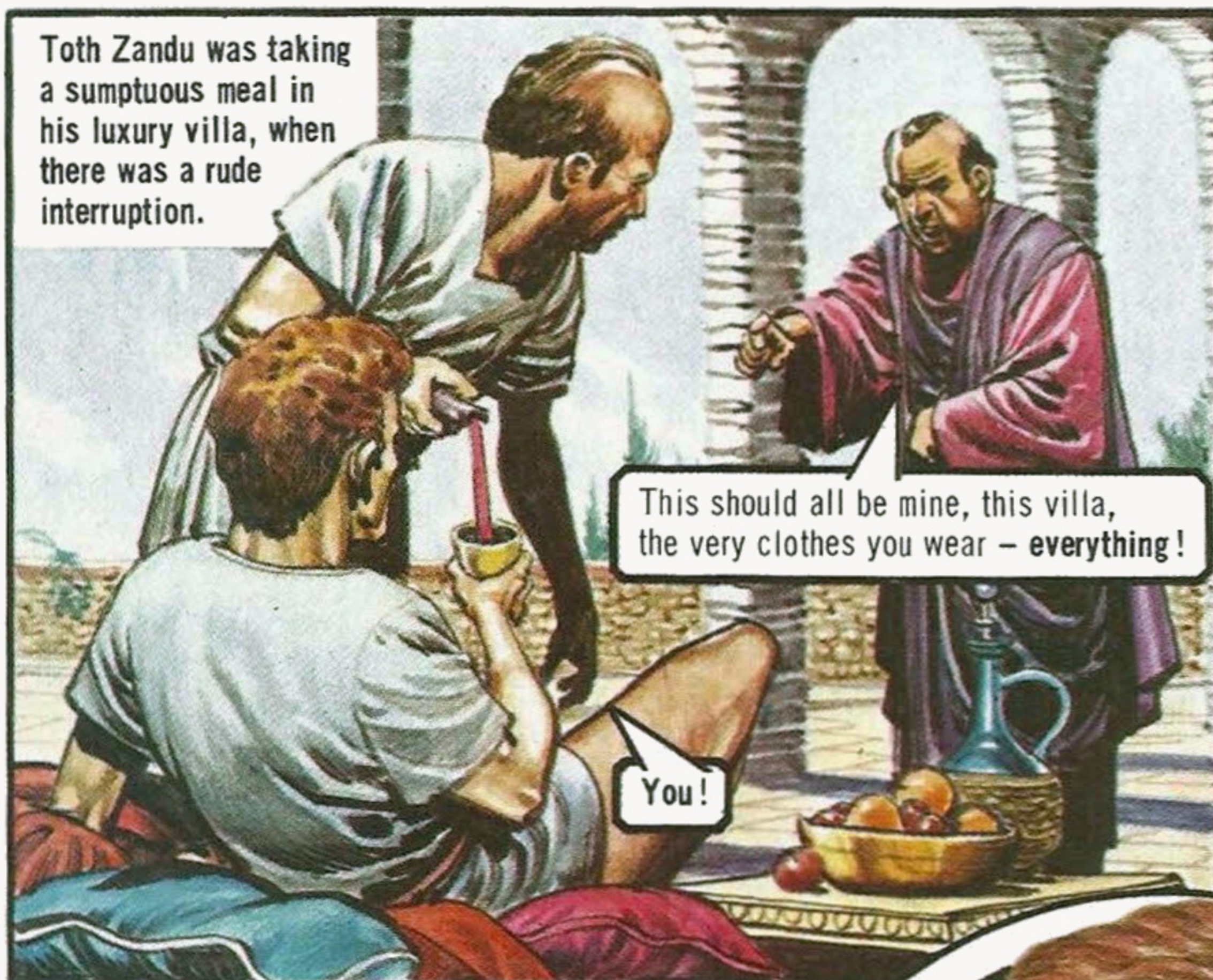


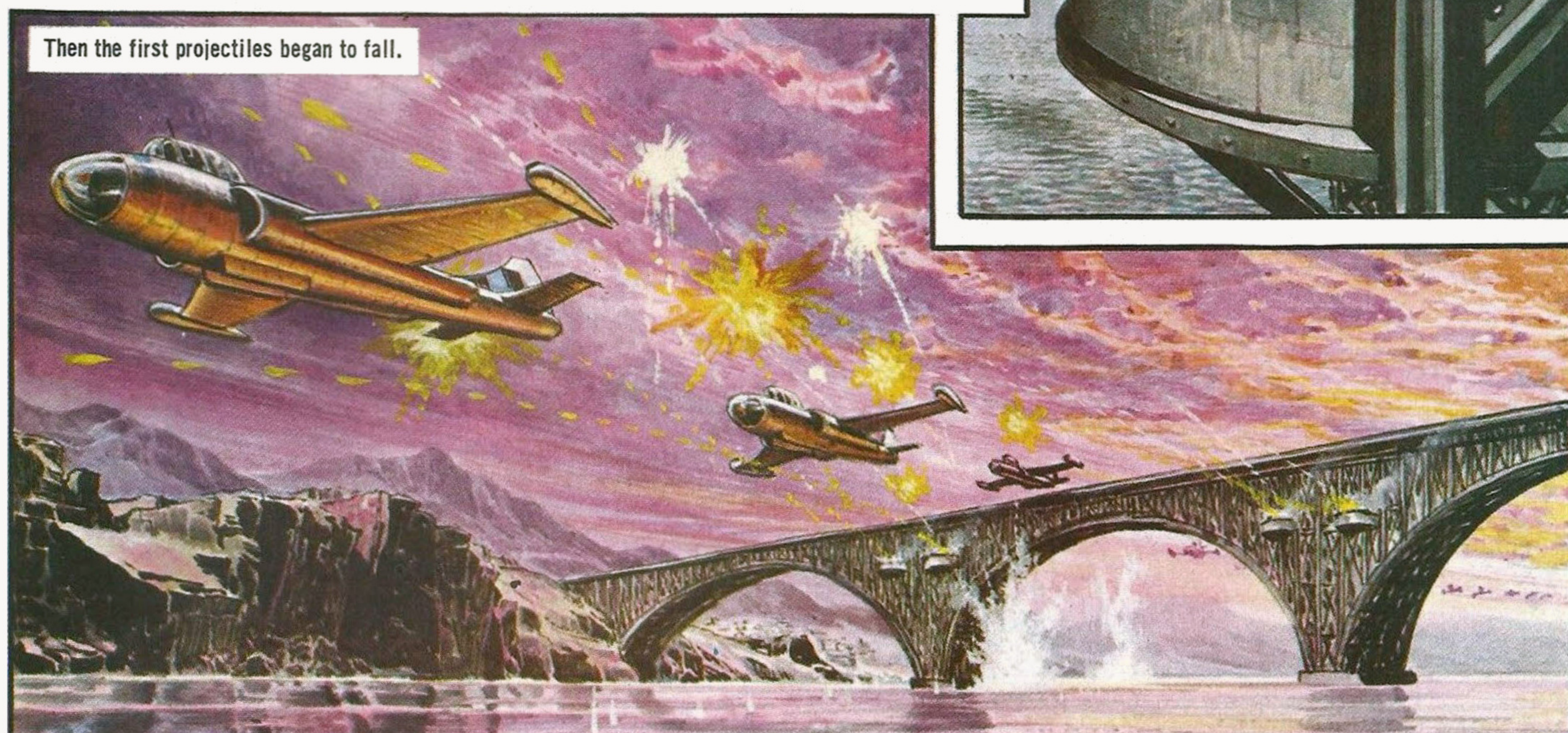
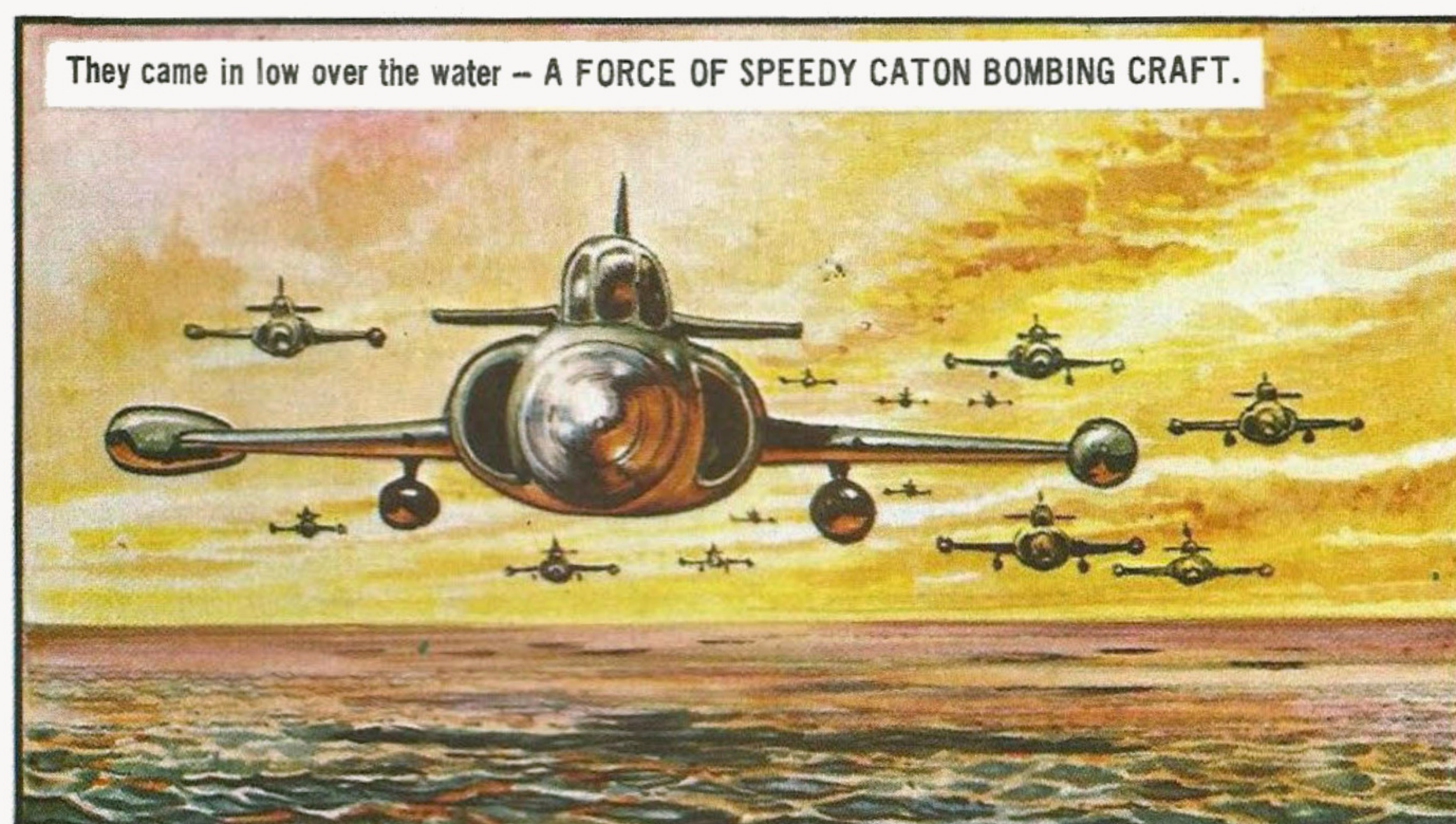
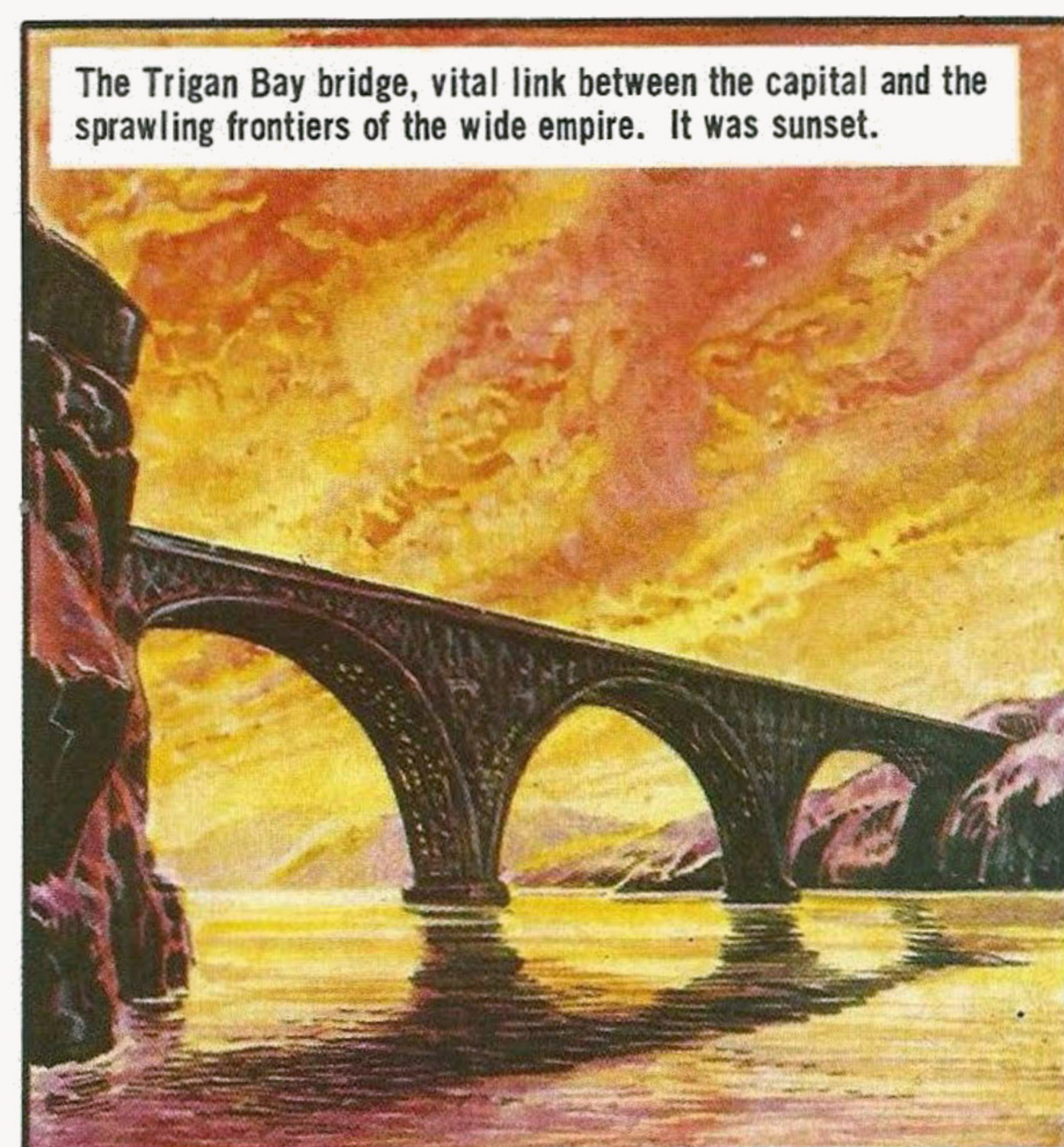
An excellent beginning. But only the beginning. One day, not far hence, I shall be exchanging this place for... the Imperial Palace!



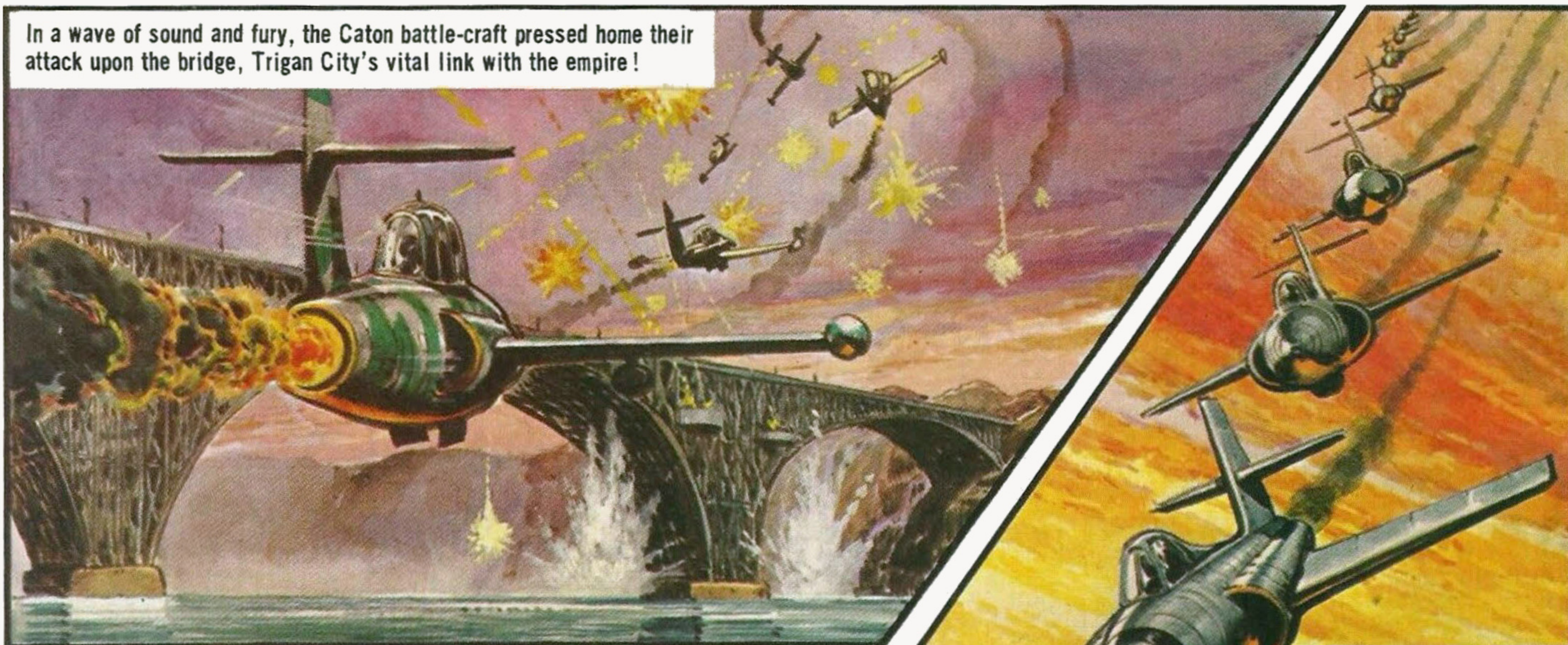
After all, one who can look into the future as if it was yesterday, has the power to demand - and get - anything!

... Anything!

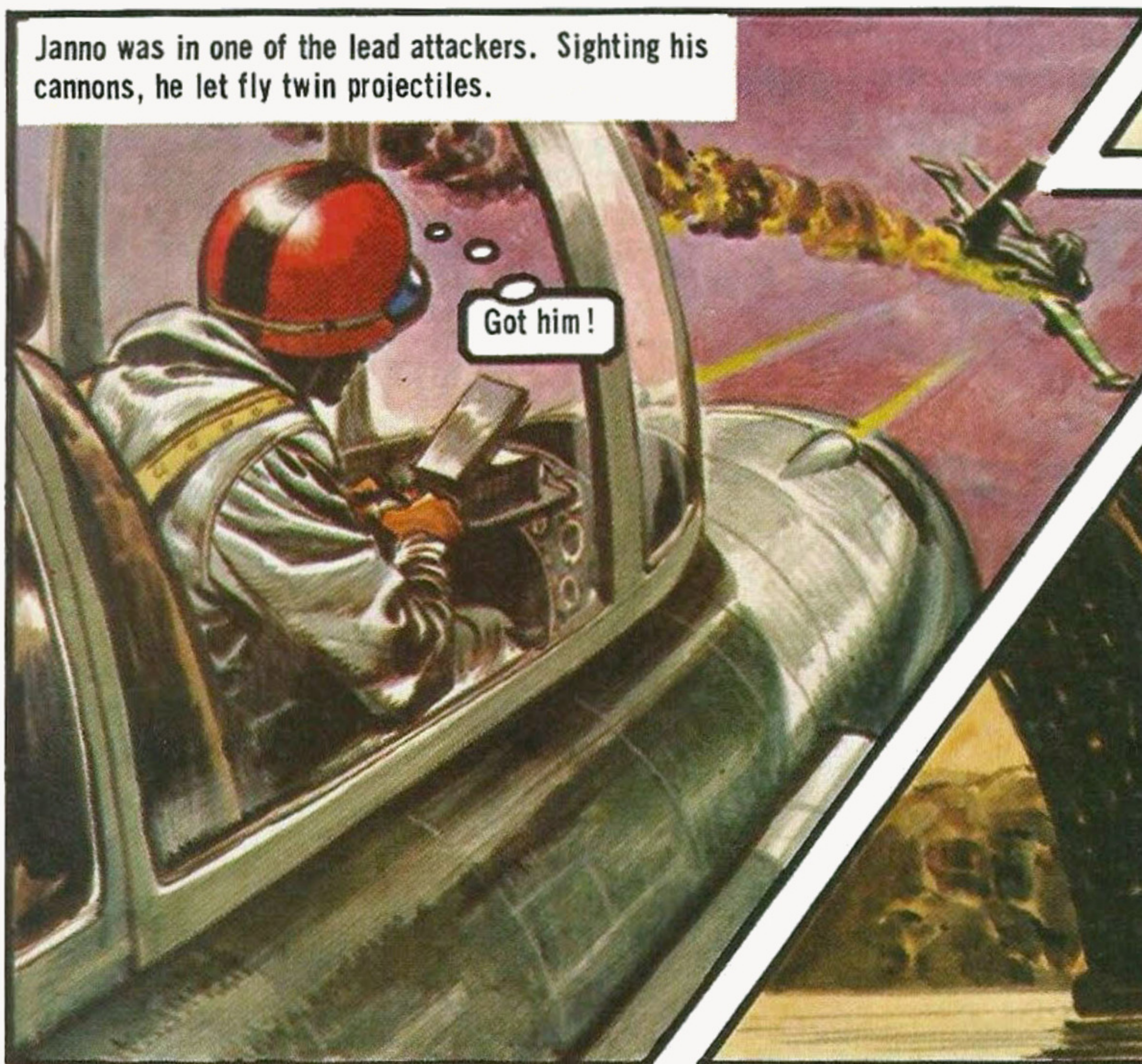




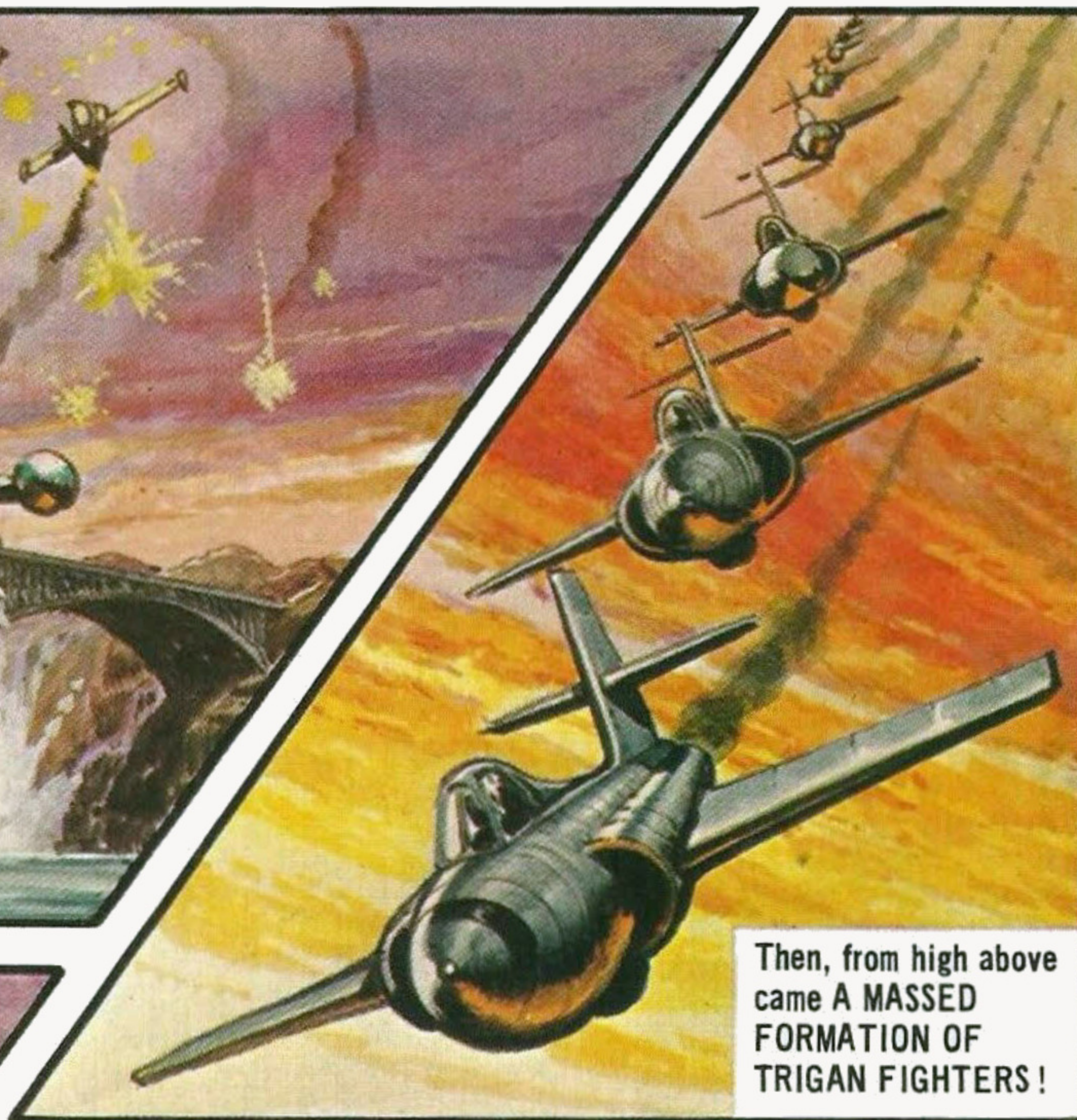
In a wave of sound and fury, the Caton battle-craft pressed home their attack upon the bridge, Trigan City's vital link with the empire!



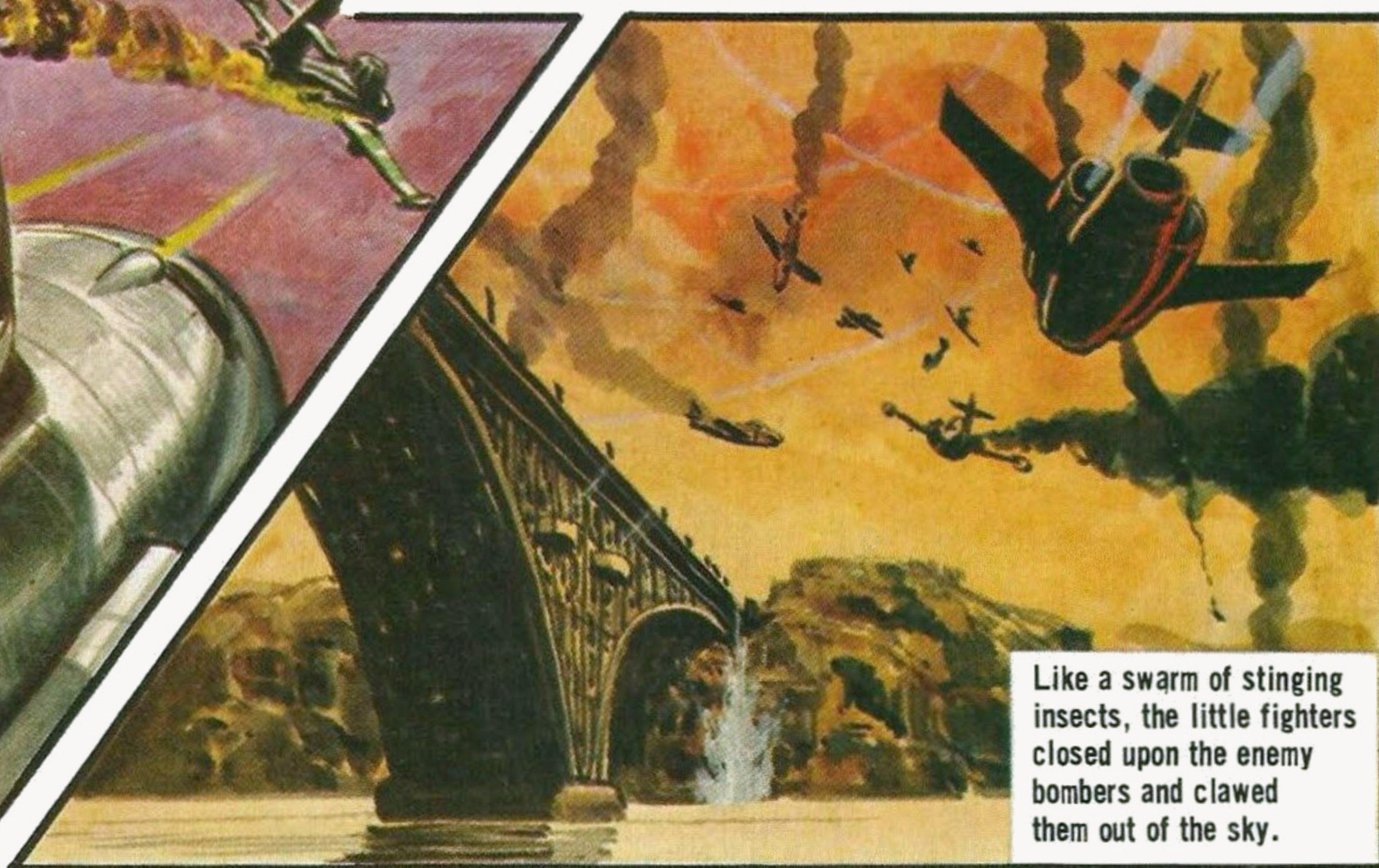
Janno was in one of the lead attackers. Sighting his cannons, he let fly twin projectiles.



Then, from high above came A MASSED FORMATION OF TRIGAN FIGHTERS!



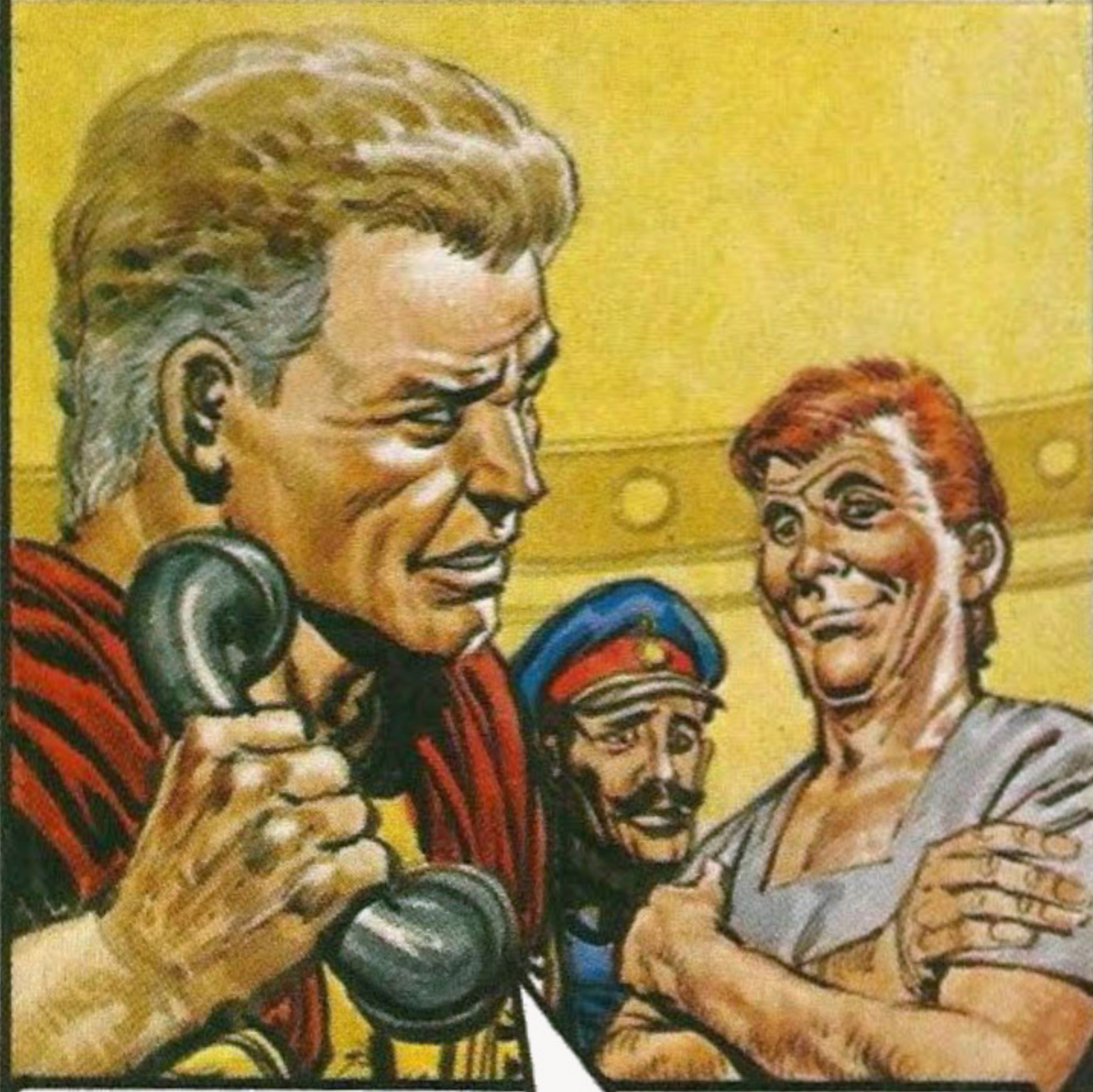
Like a swarm of stinging insects, the little fighters closed upon the enemy bombers and clawed them out of the sky.



Some Caton craft escaped to tell the tale of destruction. The rest fell in Trigan Bay.



Back at Imperial War Council Headquarters, the Emperor heard the news, and turned to Toth Zandu.



I thank the stars that I overruled my generals and listened to your warning, Toth Zandu. You have saved the Trigan Bay Bridge!

How did you know they were coming to attack?



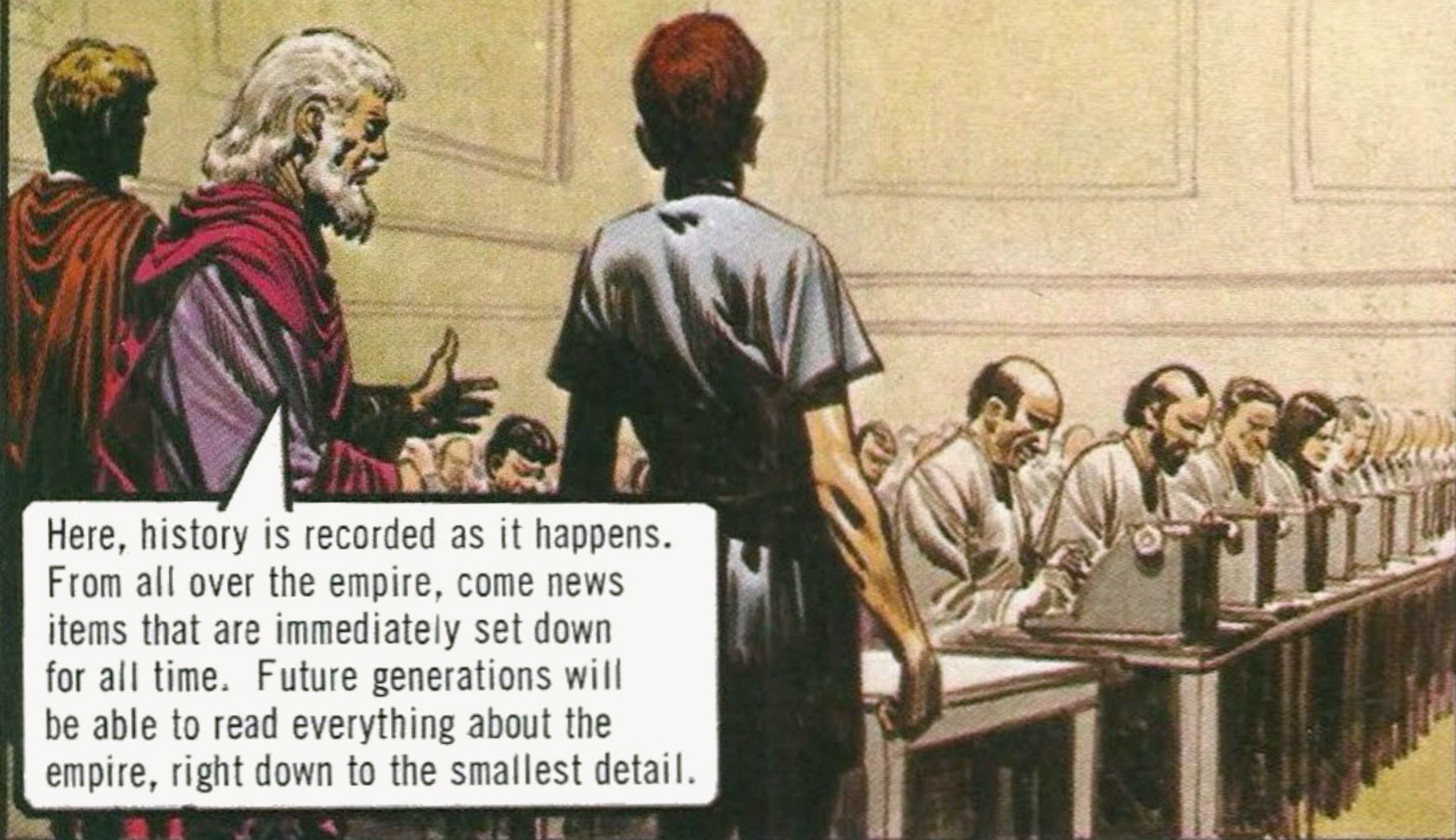
I have ways and means of predicting future events. I am willing to place my powers at the disposal of my Emperor and my country.

I hereby appoint Toth Zandu adviser extraordinary to the Imperial War Council. In my absence, you will give careful consideration to his predictions.



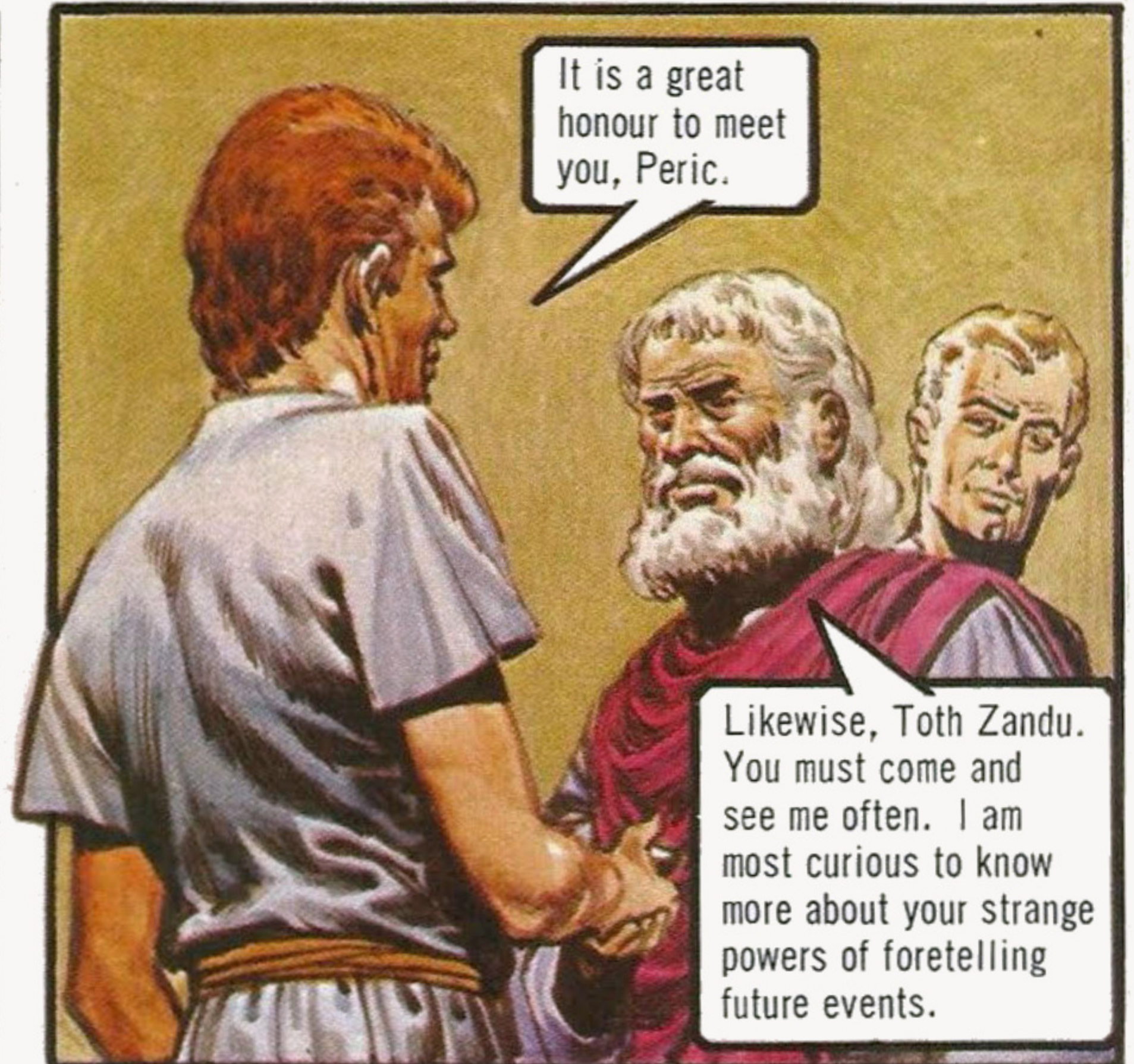
As your Imperial Majesty commands!

The Emperor took his new adviser to see Peric. The great scientist was in the Imperial Records Office, supervising the hundred scribes who worked upon the day-by-day history of the Trigan Empire.



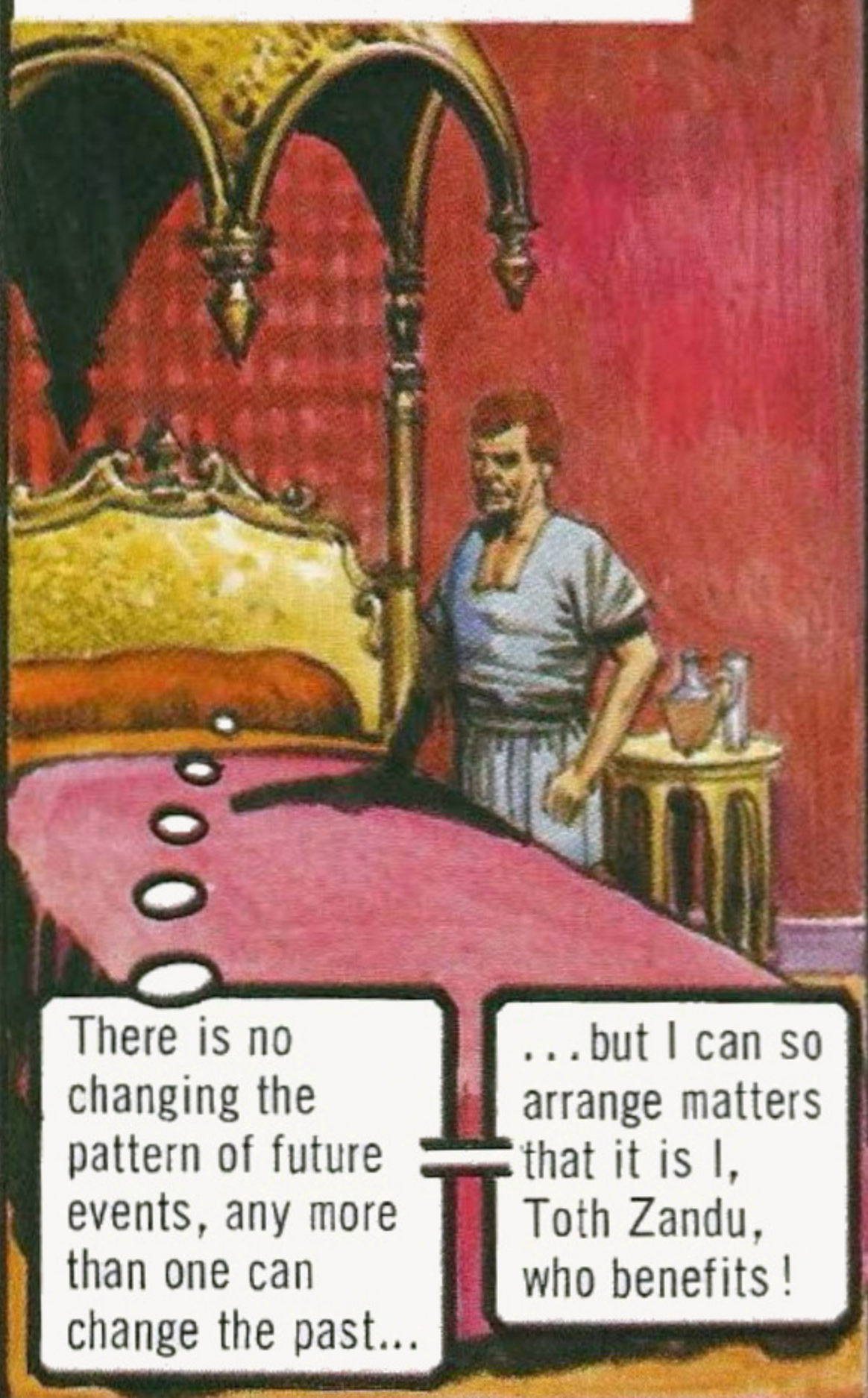
Here, history is recorded as it happens. From all over the empire, come news items that are immediately set down for all time. Future generations will be able to read everything about the empire, right down to the smallest detail.

It is a great honour to meet you, Peric.



Likewise, Toth Zandu. You must come and see me often. I am most curious to know more about your strange powers of foretelling future events.

That night, Toth Zandu retired early to his luxury villa.



There is no changing the pattern of future events, any more than one can change the past...

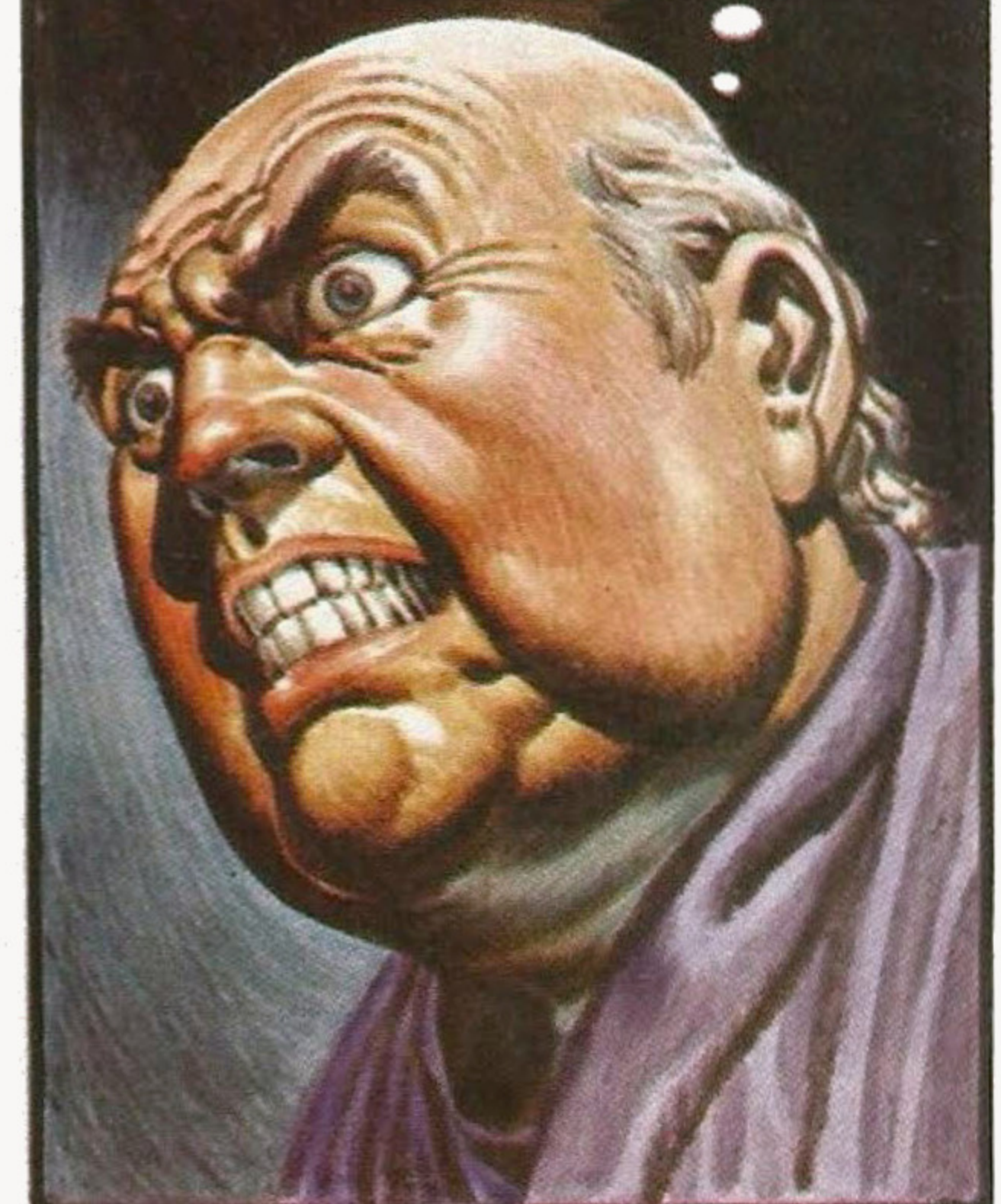
...but I can so arrange matters that it is I, Toth Zandu, who benefits!

He poured a flask of a strange-looking liquid.



Now, the strange chemical, with which I shall presently travel through space and through time.

Make the most of your last moments of life, Toth Zandu. You took what was mine and I have come to destroy you!



The watcher waited till all was silent in Toth Zandu's bedchamber. Then he crept in, stealthily.



Vengeance is mine.

A keen blade flashed in the moonlight, but never descended.

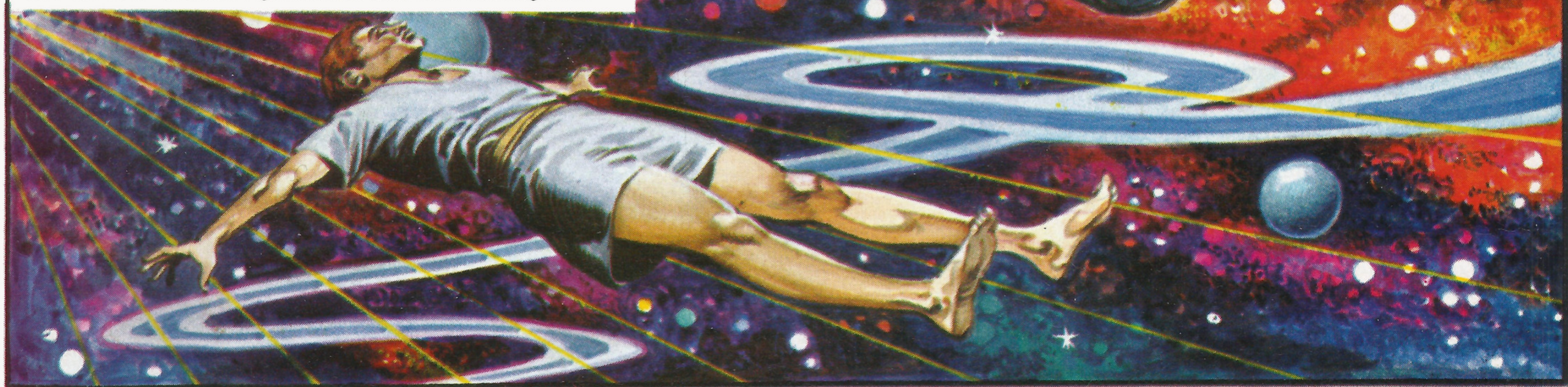


Gone!

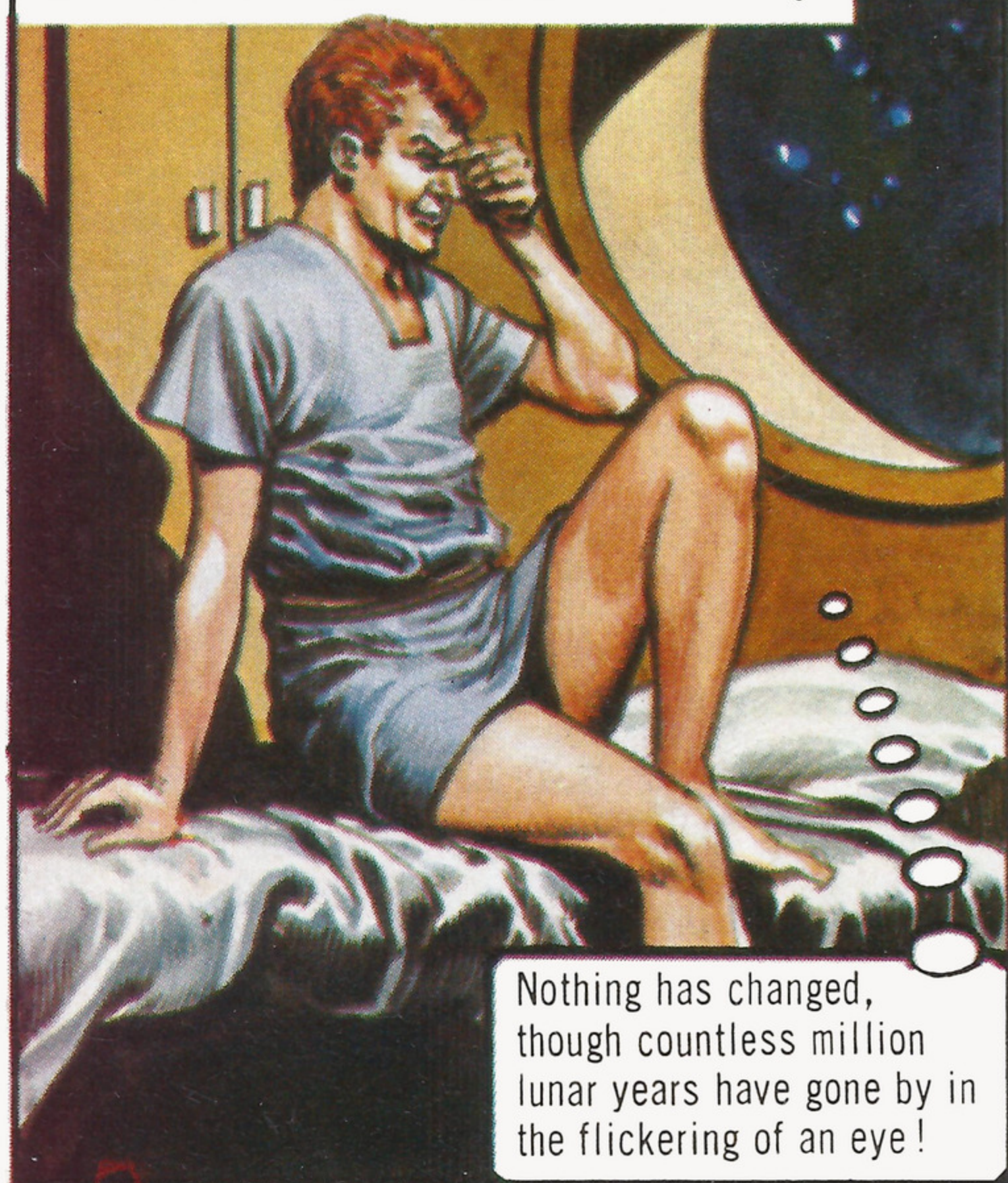
But, how **could** he have gone? And **where**? He's never been out of my sight since he got into bed.



Unknown to the would-be assassin, the individual whom the Trigans knew as Toth Zandu was travelling through the trackless wastes of time and space. Aeons passed in instants. Empires rose and fell. Countless generations were born and forgotten.

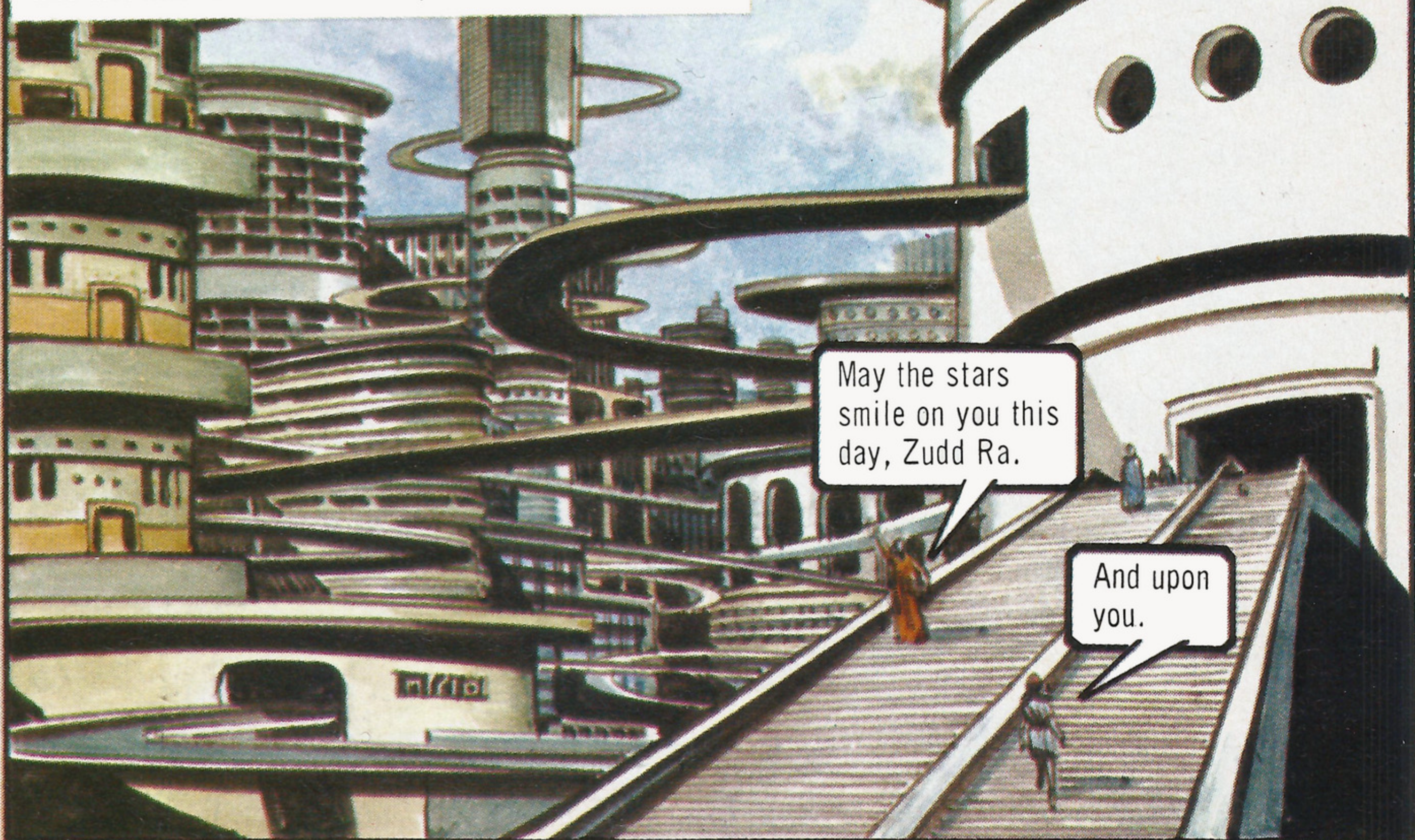


He awoke in a familiar room in a familiar city.



Nothing has changed, though countless million lunar years have gone by in the flickering of an eye!

The time-traveller walked through the broad streets of a noble city of the FUTURE. He was hailed by all who met him for was he not a person of substance?



May the stars smile on you this day, Zudd Ra.

And upon you.

Zudd Ra was keeper of the historical records, and as such, he was accorded great respect. But he craved more than respect.

Now to familiarise myself with more details of the Trigan Empire in the far-off year of Zenf.

Details which will be of use to me!

Flashed upon a screen, at the touch of a control, were facts recorded by Trigan scribes centuries before.

"On the twenty-fifth day of the year of Zenf, Toth Zandu was appointed adviser extraordinary by his Imperial Majesty..."

Now let us see what happened during the rest of the time that the Trigan Empire and Cato were at war.

Night was falling when he left the place of historical records and returned to his apartment.

I think I see a way to get what I want. After all, I am not ambitious for power, all I want is boundless wealth!

And Trigan City in the year of Zenf is the place and the time to get it!

In the privacy of his chamber, he poured for himself some of the same strange liquid that he had swallowed in Trigan City.

Let Trigo rule his empire. All I want is to be the richest of his subjects!

It was dawn in Trigan City when the time-traveller opened his eyes again. And the sky outside his window was resounding with gunfire.

There's an air-battle taking place overhead!

As he rushed out into his garden, a silvery shape flashed past overhead — in flames! And something blossomed forth from the doomed craft.

He's going to land in my garden!

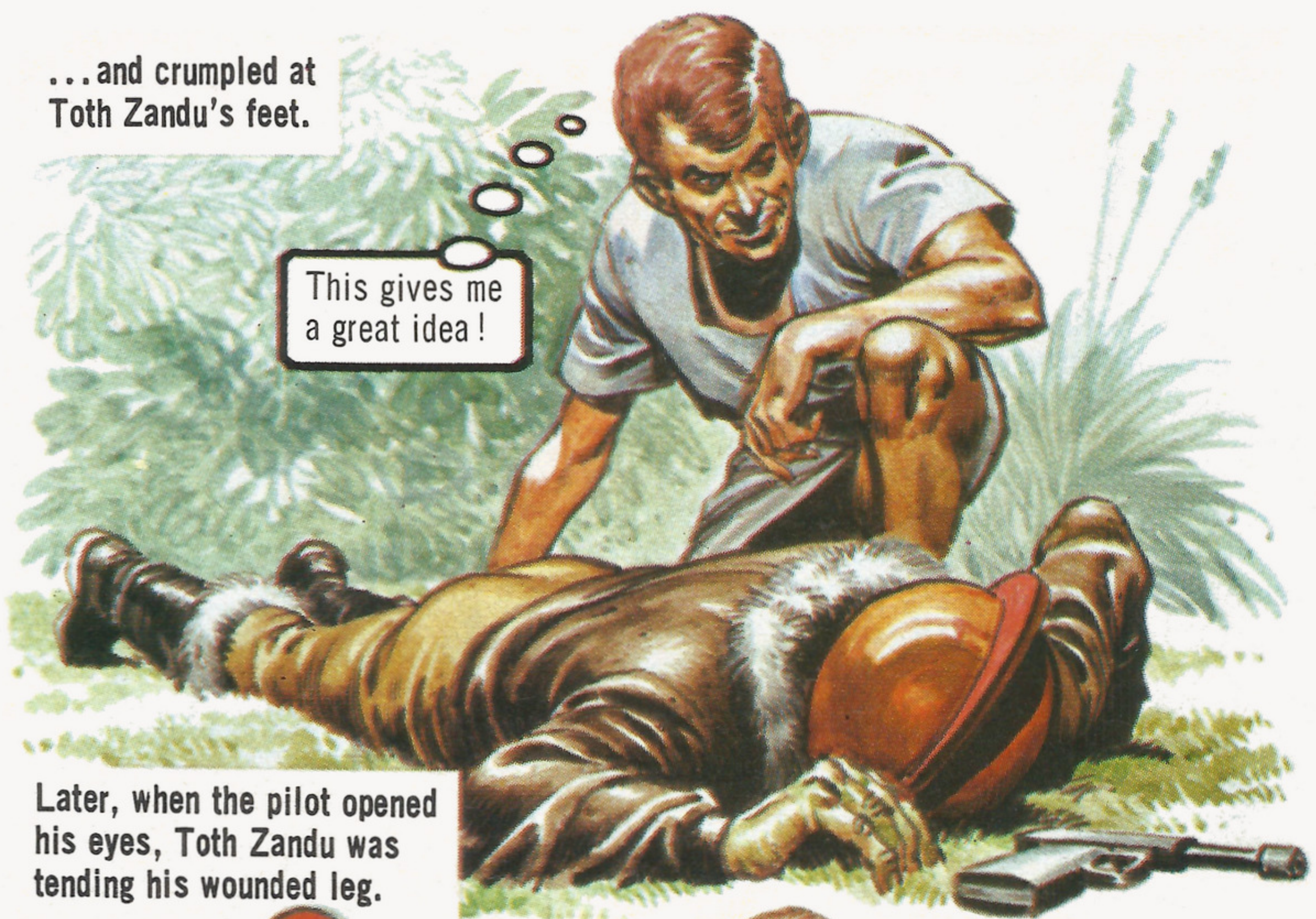
Toth Zandu was left in no doubt about the pilot's nationality, when he rushed forward to his assistance.

Do as I order, Trigan ... or perish!



As the Caton struggled upright, he gave a cry of pain ...

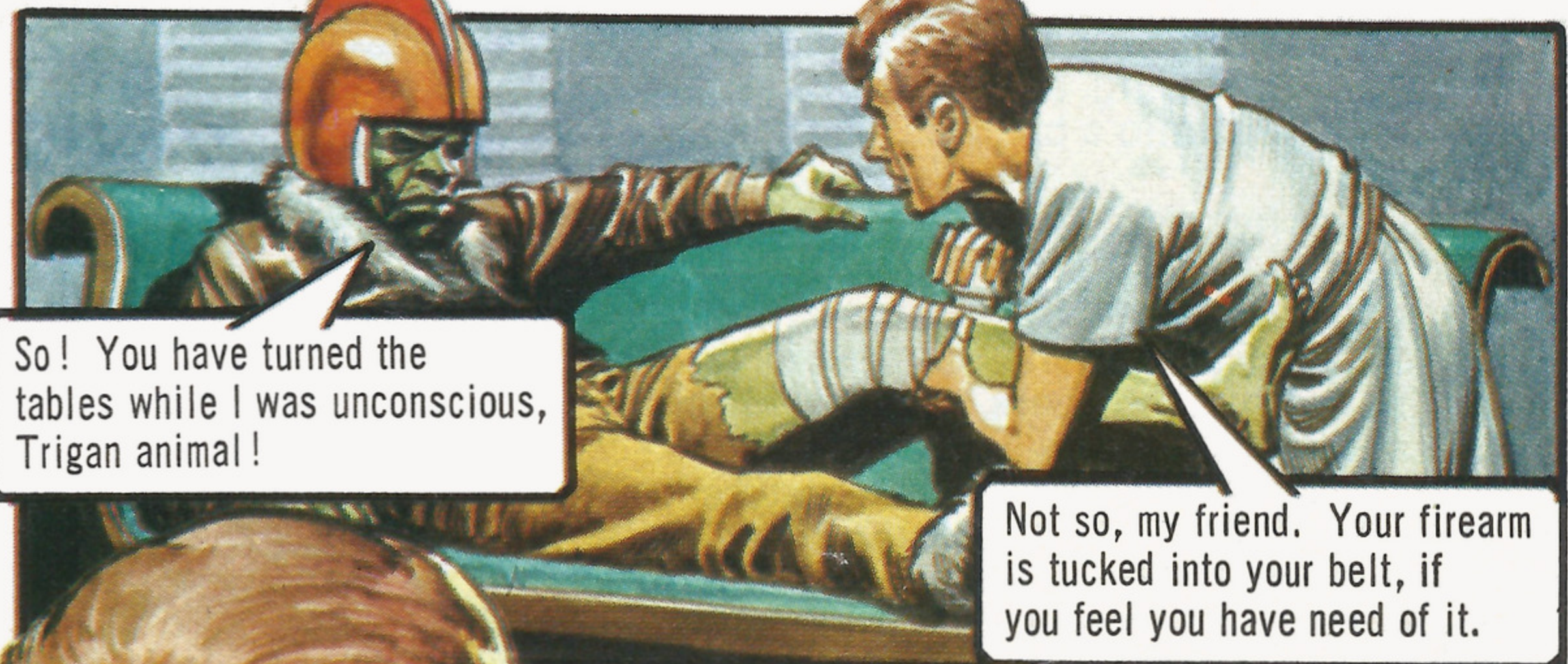
Uuuuuh!



...and crumpled at Toth Zandu's feet.

This gives me a great idea!

Later, when the pilot opened his eyes, Toth Zandu was tending his wounded leg.



So! You have turned the tables while I was unconscious, Trigan animal!

Not so, my friend. Your firearm is tucked into your belt, if you feel you have need of it.

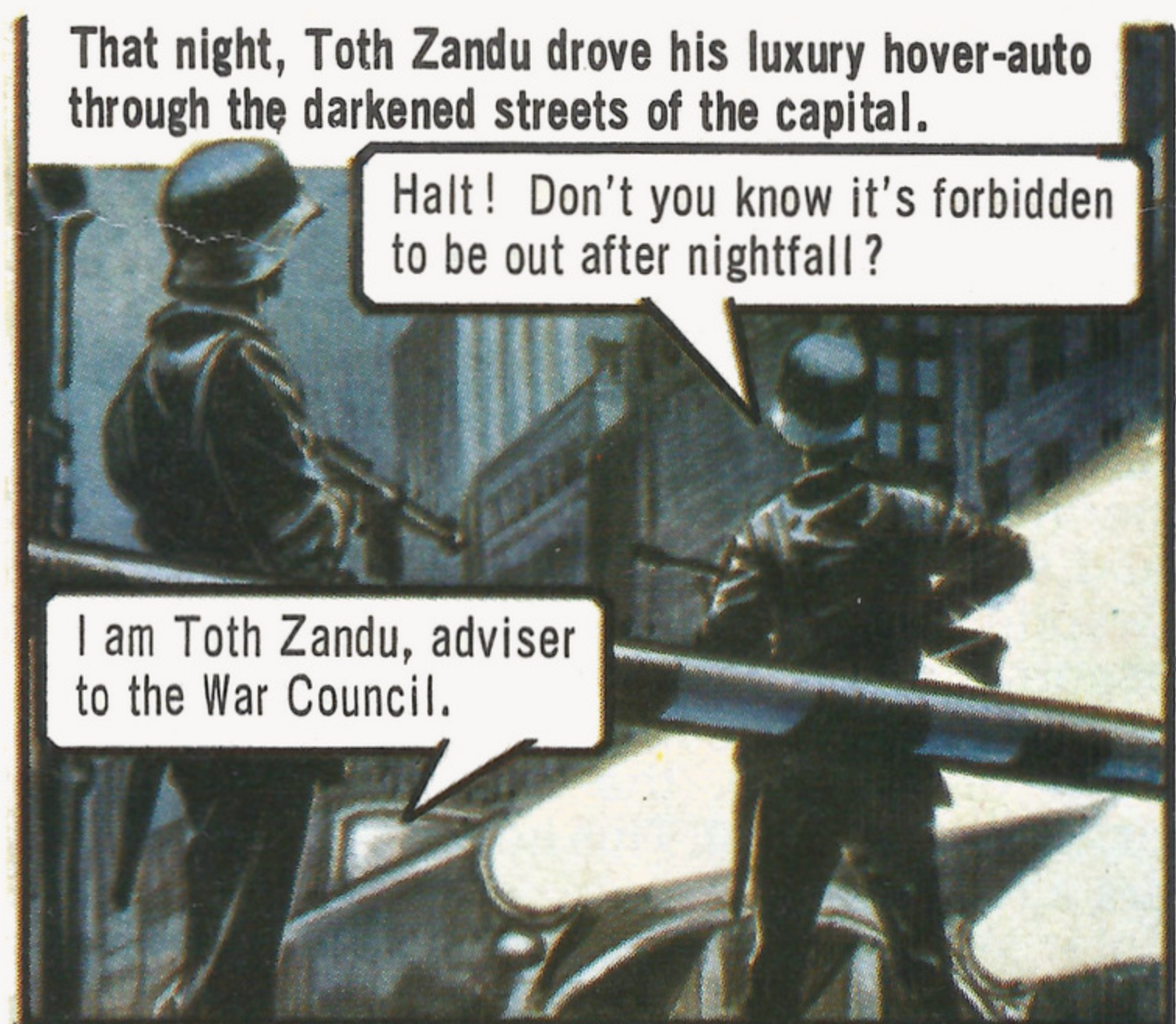


What are you up to?

Simple. I am going to help you to escape back to Cato!



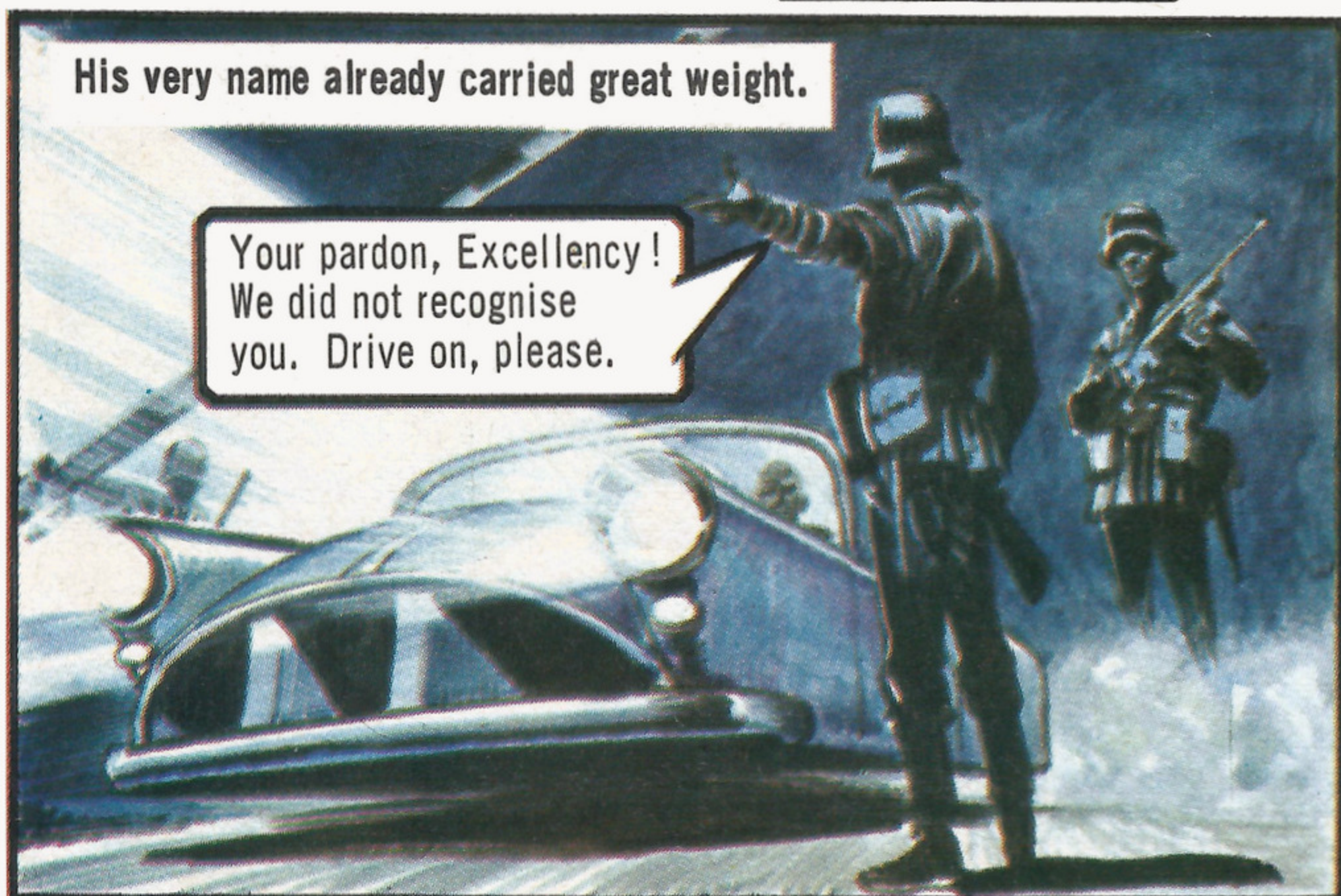
In return, you are going to help me!



That night, Toth Zandu drove his luxury hover-auto through the darkened streets of the capital.

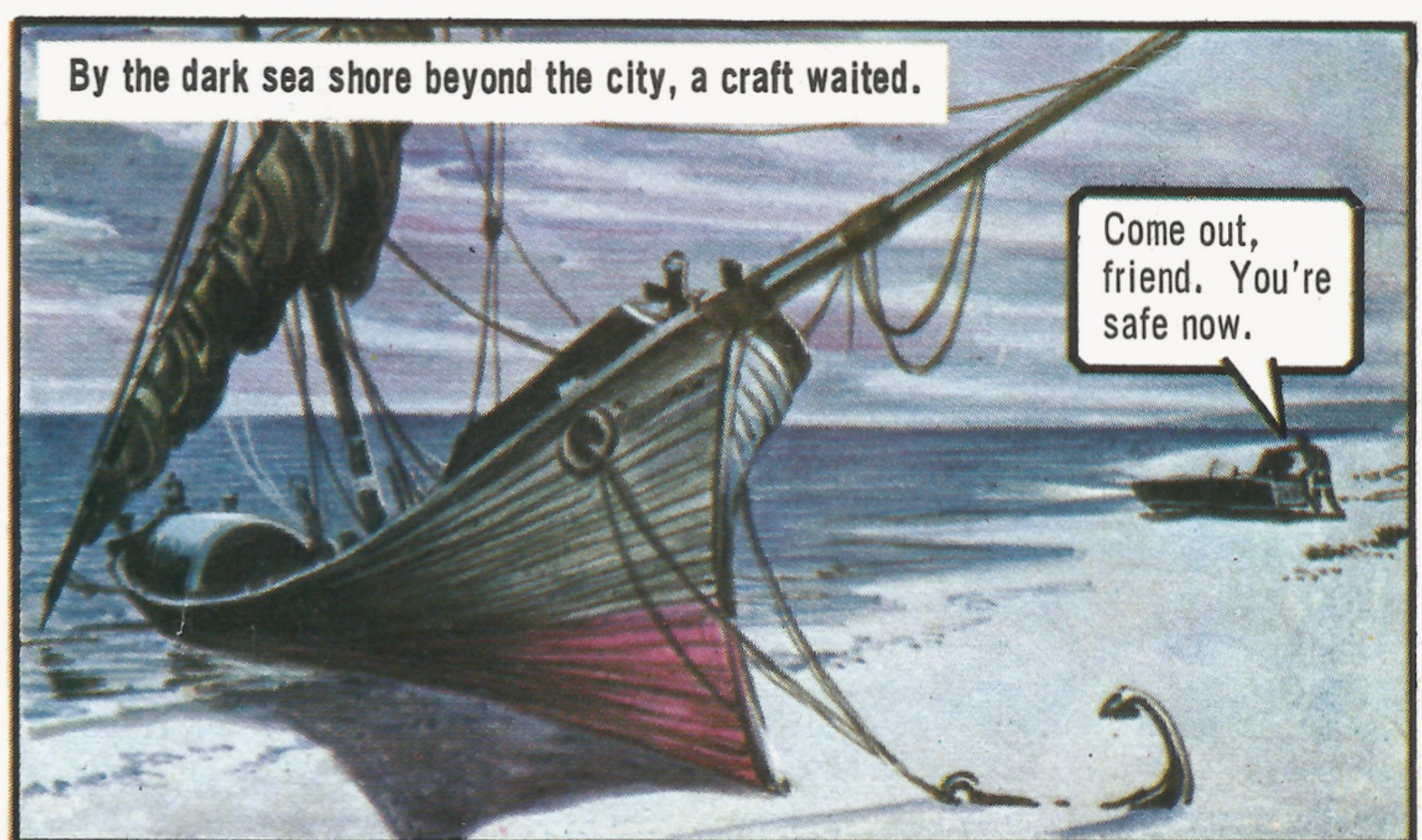
Halt! Don't you know it's forbidden to be out after nightfall?

I am Toth Zandu, adviser to the War Council.



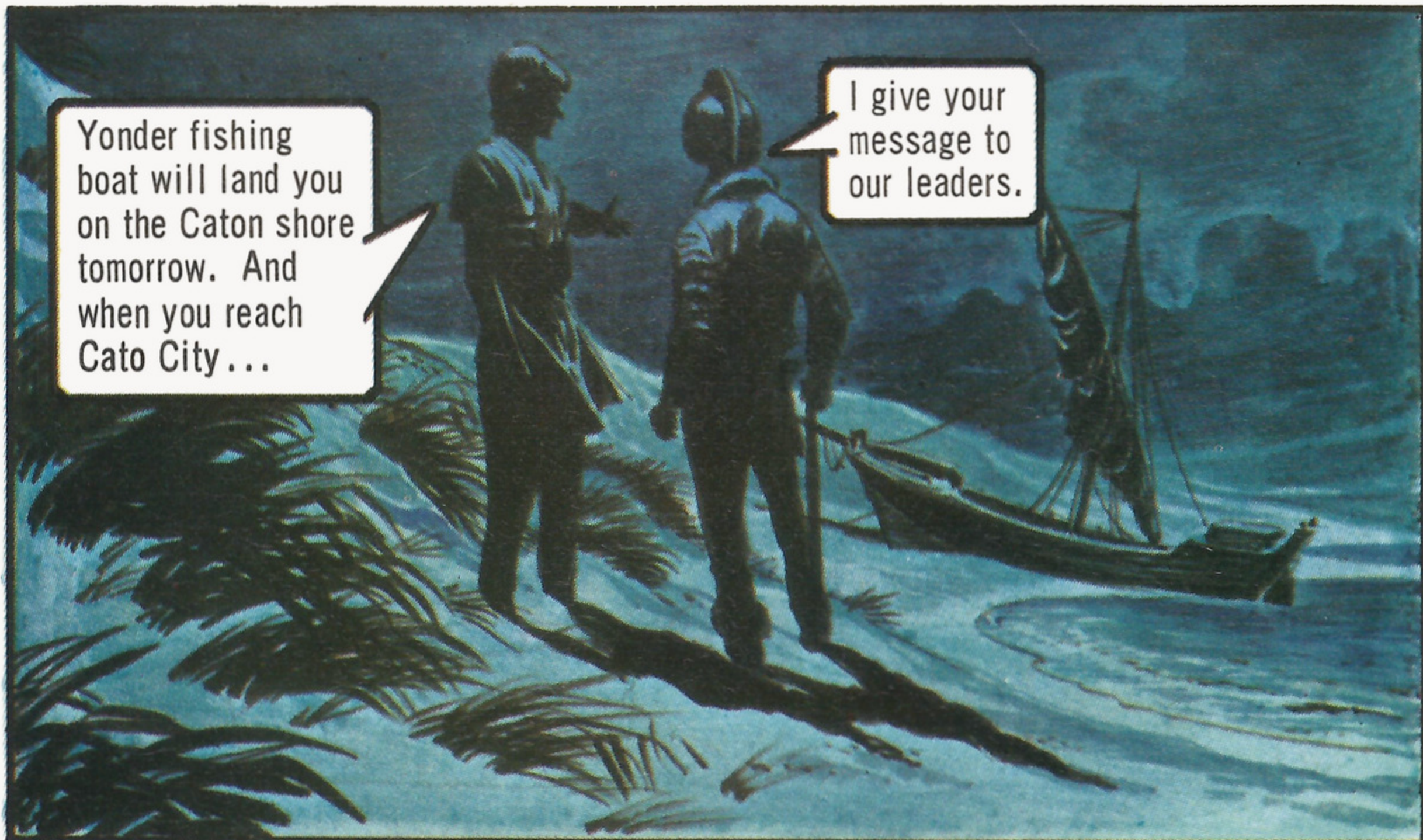
His very name already carried great weight.

Your pardon, Excellency! We did not recognise you. Drive on, please.



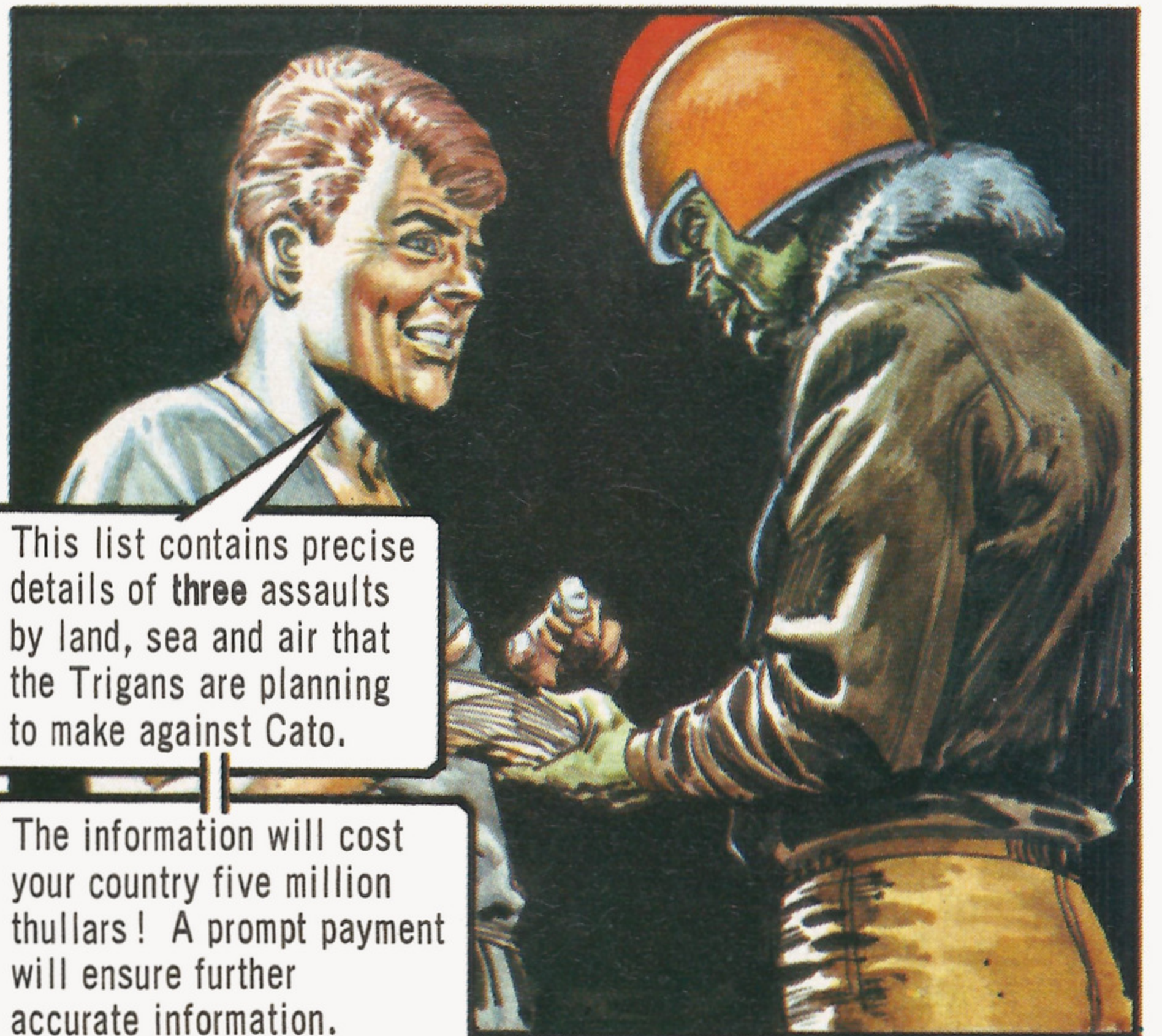
By the dark sea shore beyond the city, a craft waited.

Come out, friend. You're safe now.



Yonder fishing boat will land you on the Caton shore tomorrow. And when you reach Cato City...

I give your message to our leaders.



This list contains precise details of **three** assaults by land, sea and air that the Trigans are planning to make against Cato.

The information will cost your country five million thullars! A prompt payment will ensure further accurate information.

The first of the three fateful assaults took place when Trigan armoured forces crossed the border into Cato. They were expected, counter-attacked and cut to ribbons.



It was the same story when the Trigan high seas fleet sailed into Caton waters and ran into a trap of underwater craft.



We have them! Fire all underwater projectiles!



The treacherous Toth Zandu received the news with glee.

Success! I am seeing into the future and making a fortune out of history!



The shattered remains of the Trigan armoured forces straggled back into the city, bitterly denouncing what they regarded as their betrayal.

What happened?

The accursed Catons
were waiting for us!
We were shot to pieces!

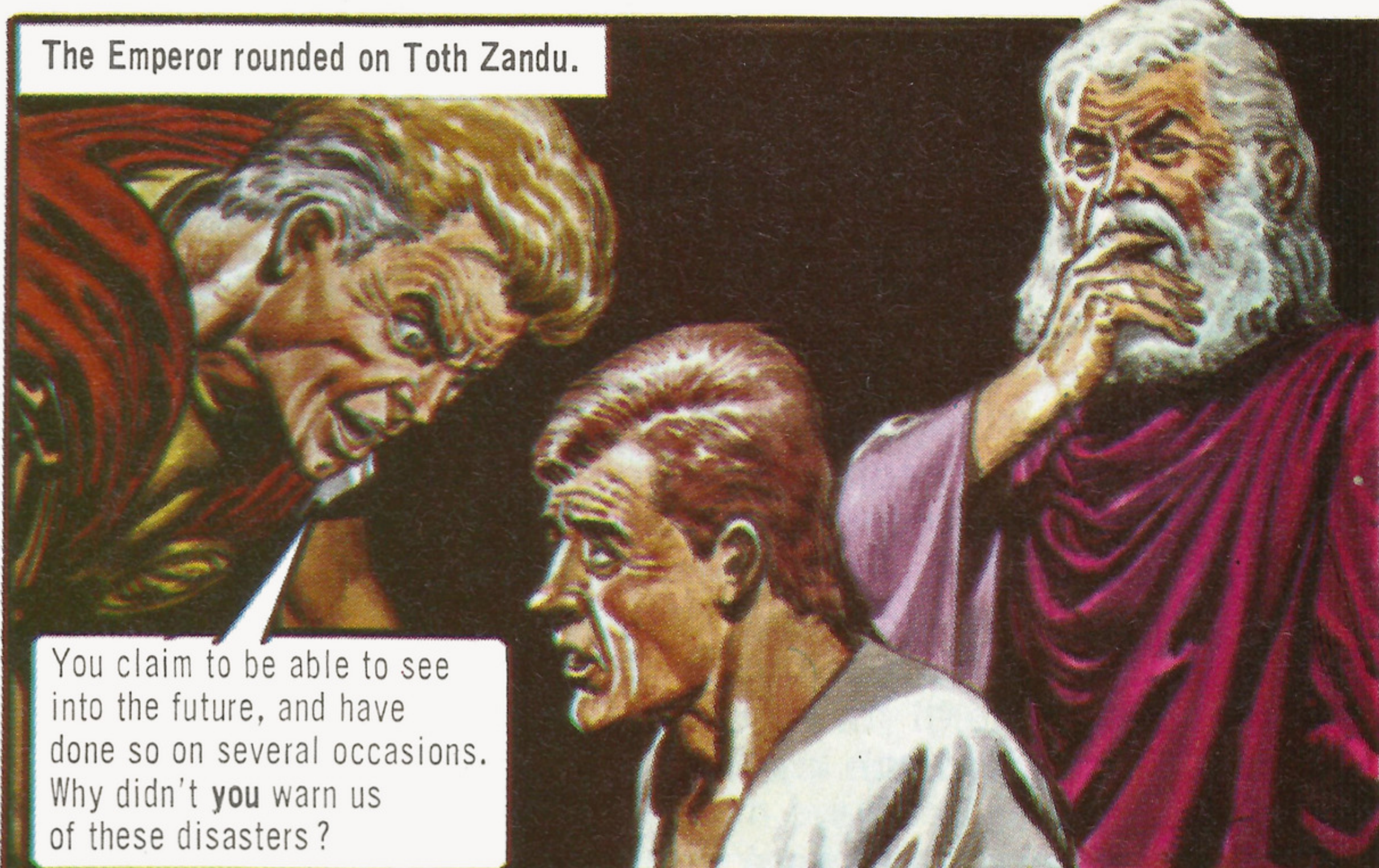
Someone
must have
talked!



Trigo was addressing the Imperial War Council.

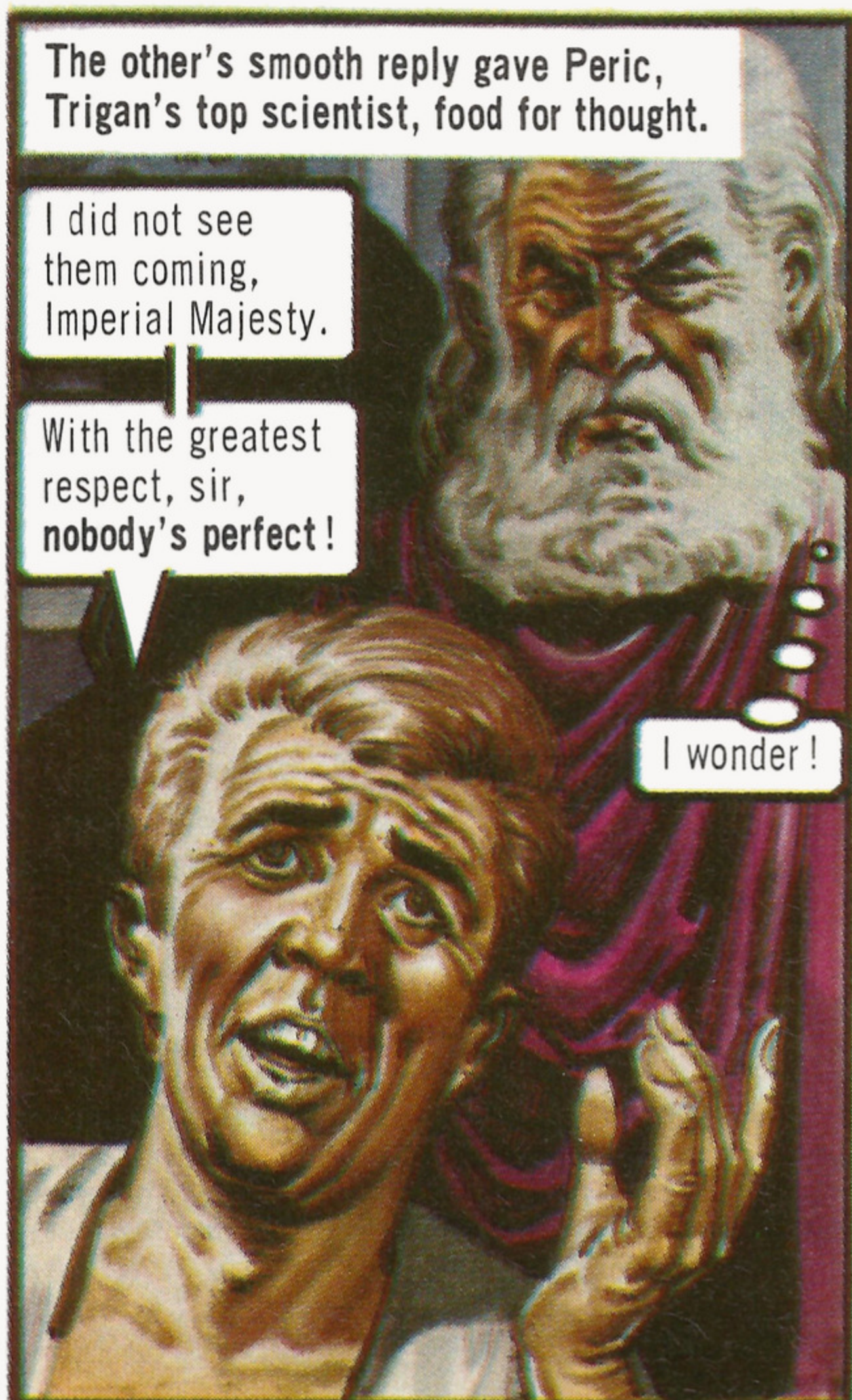
It was the same with the
high-seas fleet. They
sailed into an under-
water trap!

Nothing will convince
me that a betrayal
has not taken place.



The Emperor rounded on Toth Zandu.

You claim to be able to see
into the future, and have
done so on several occasions.
Why didn't **you** warn us
of these disasters?



The other's smooth reply gave Peric,
Trigo's top scientist, food for thought.

I did not see
them coming,
Imperial Majesty.

With the greatest
respect, sir,
nobody's perfect!

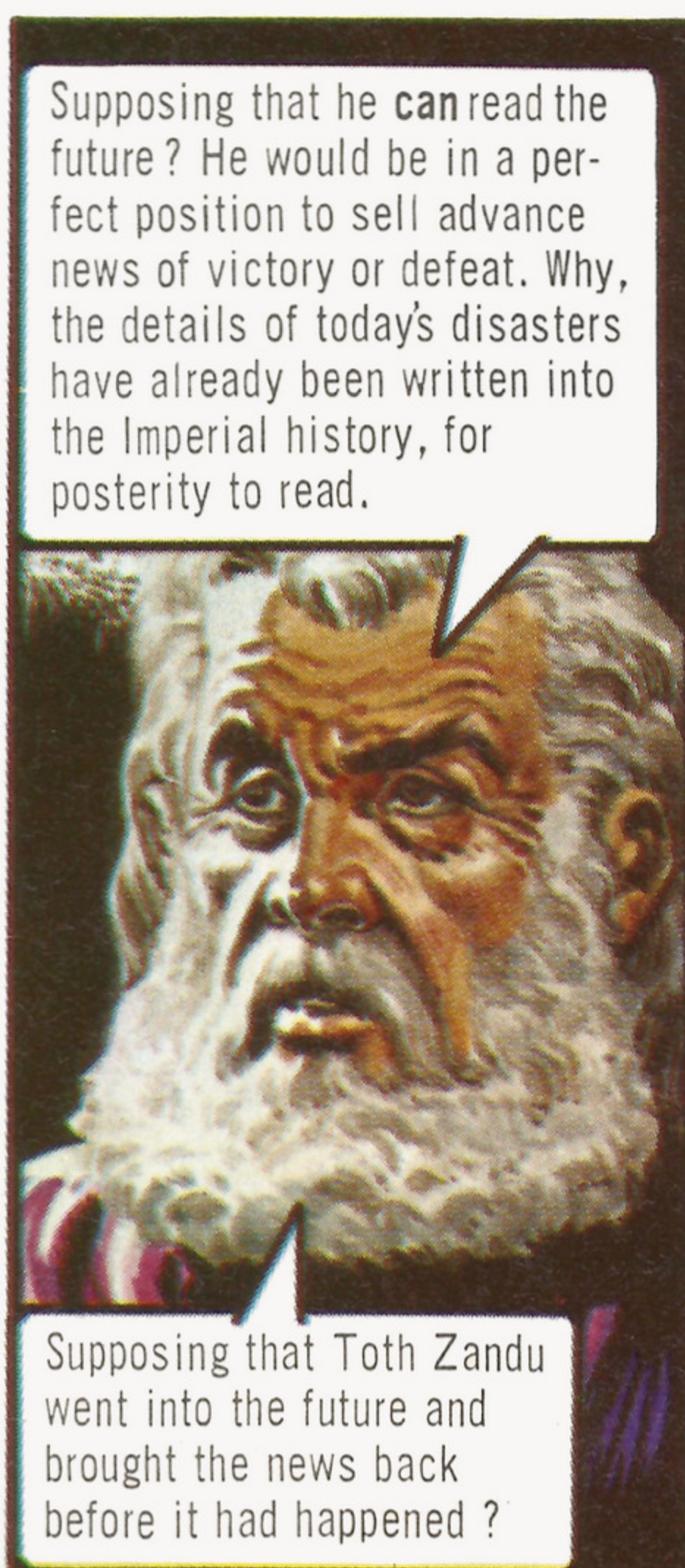
I wonder!



Peric was still thinking when
Janno sought him out,
later, in his laboratory.

What's worrying
you, Peric?

I'm thinking that
the one who be-
trayed our attacks
to the Catons may
be... **Toth Zandu!**



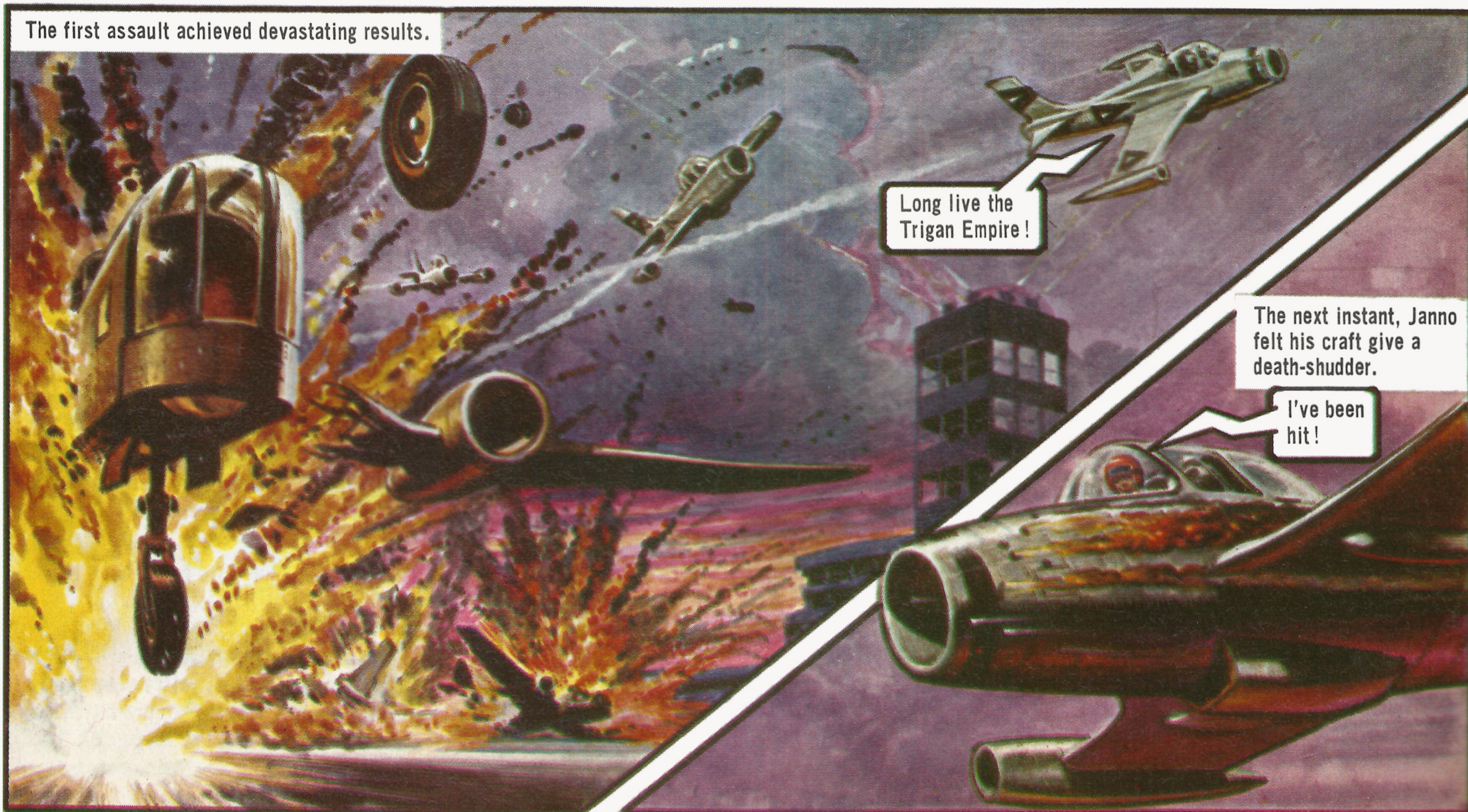
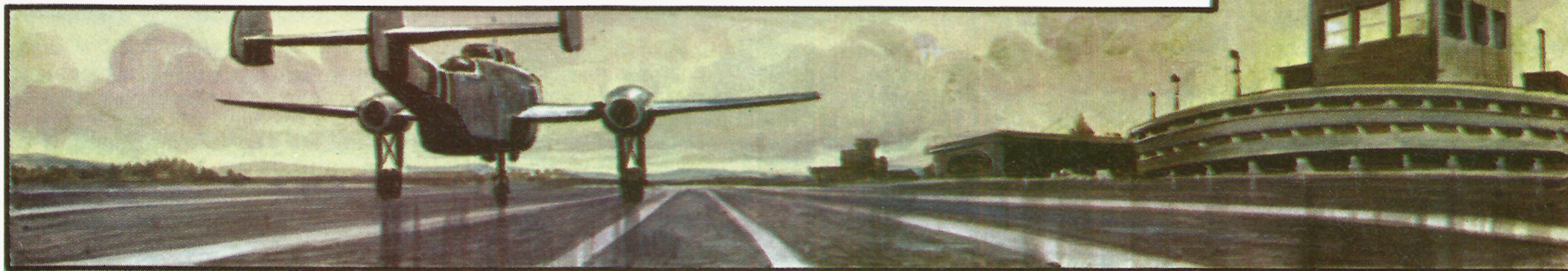
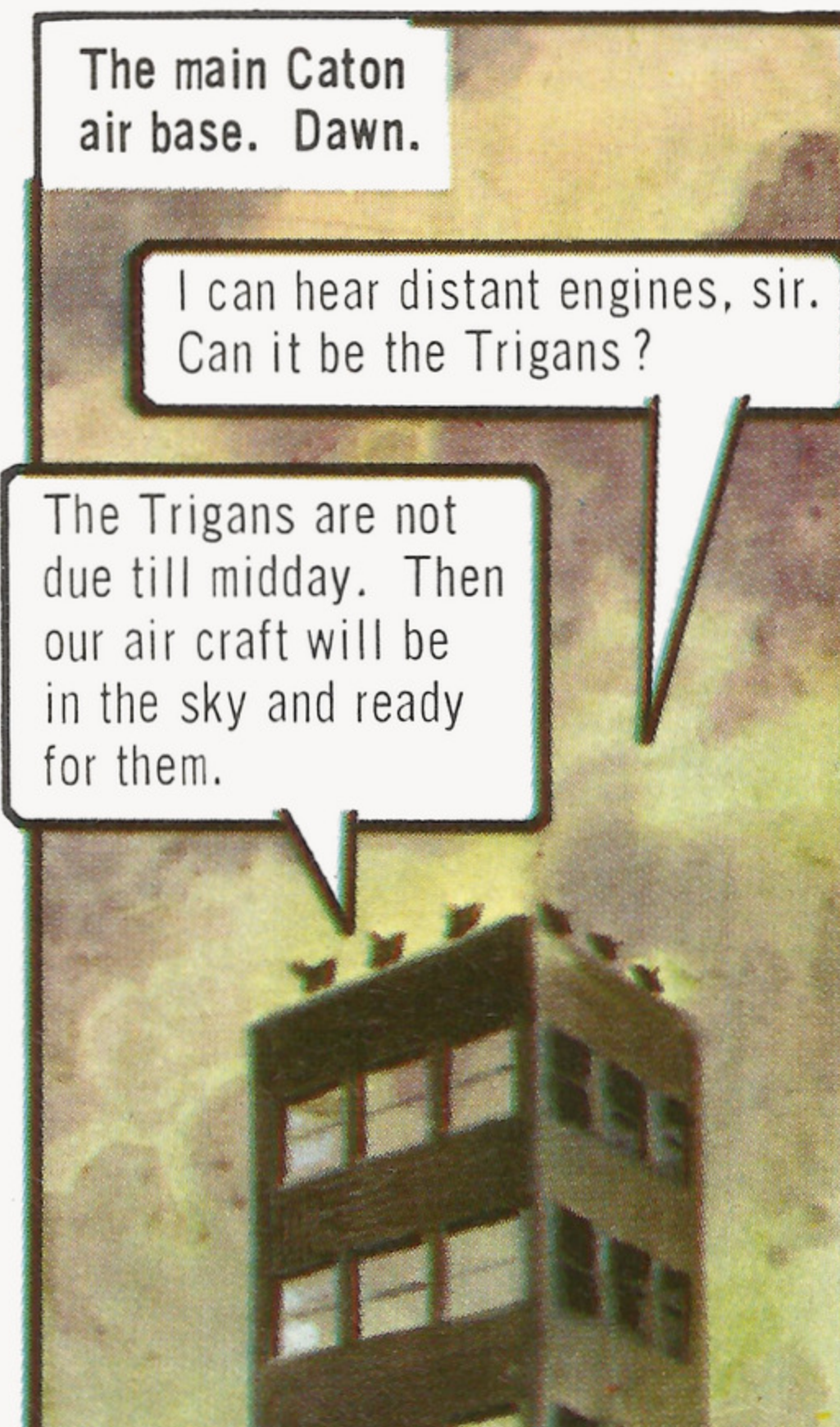
Supposing that he **can** read the
future? He would be in a per-
fect position to sell advance
news of victory or defeat. Why,
the details of today's disasters
have already been written into
the Imperial history, for
posterity to read.

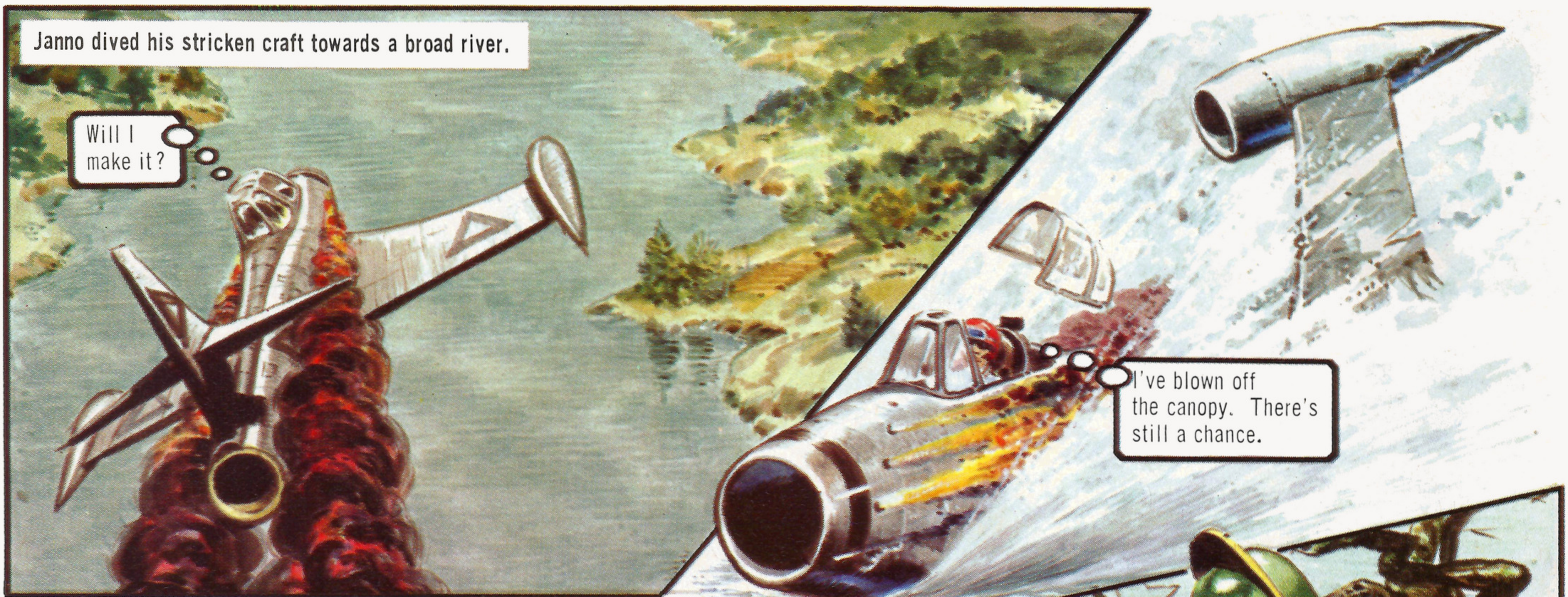
Supposing that Toth Zandu
went into the future and
brought the news back
before it had happened?



Then he may already have
told the Catons the full
details of tomorrow's
surprise air attack!

Exactly!

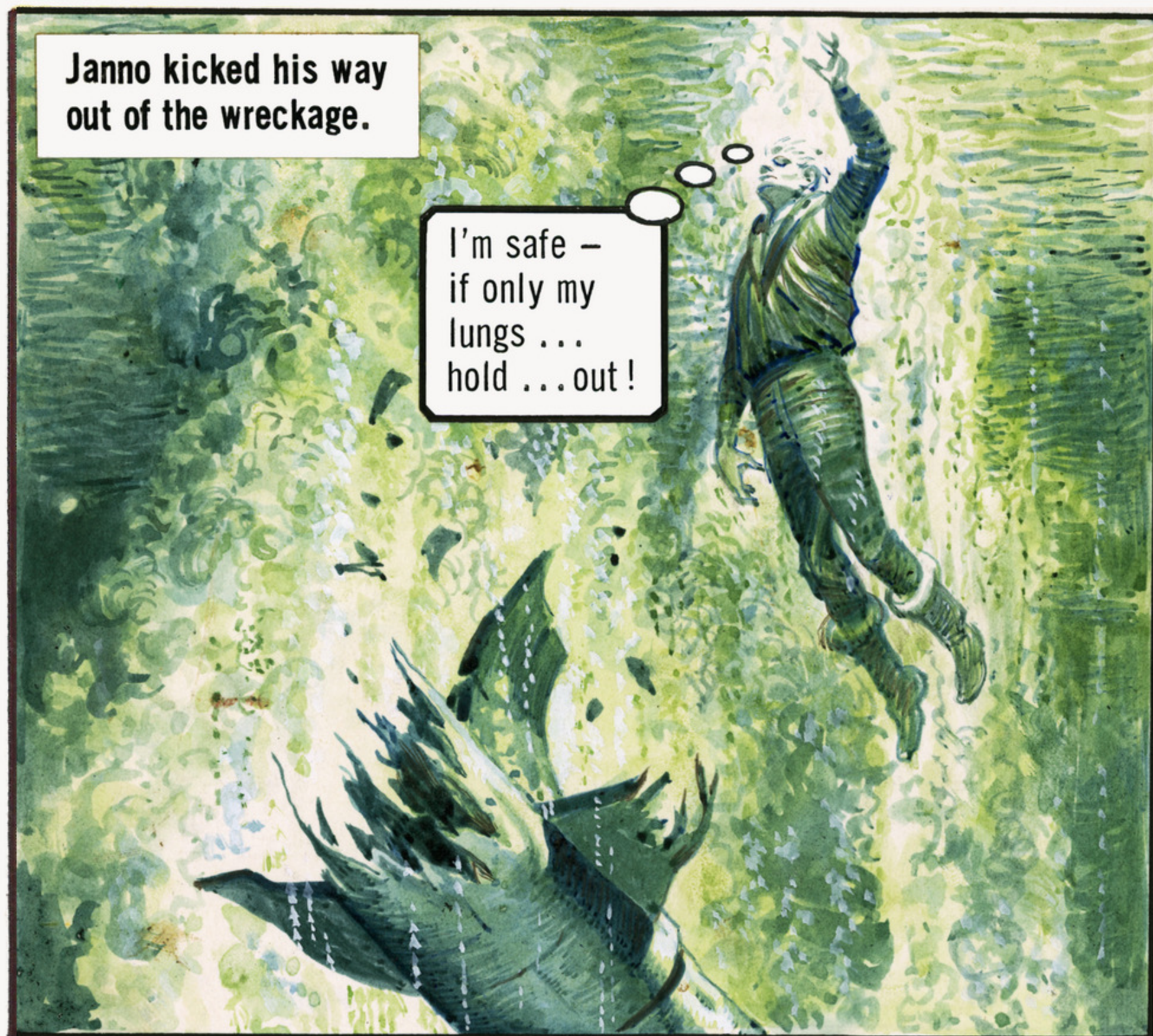




Janno dived his stricken craft towards a broad river.

Will I make it?

I've blown off the canopy. There's still a chance.



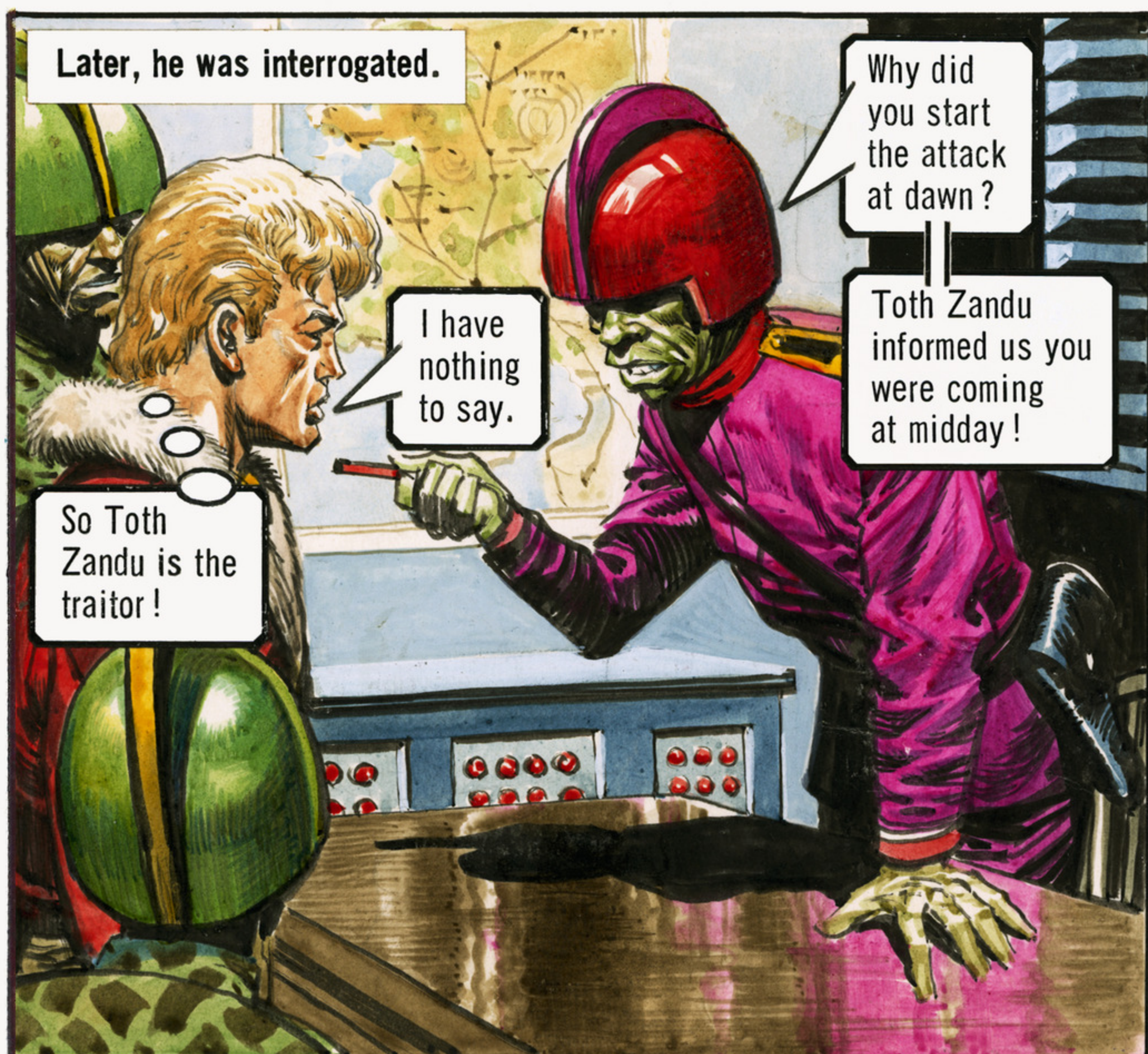
Janno kicked his way out of the wreckage.

I'm safe – if only my lungs ... hold ... out!



But as he clawed his way to the bank ...

Come out with your hands on your head!



Later, he was interrogated.

I have nothing to say.

So Toth Zandu is the traitor!

Why did you start the attack at dawn?

Toth Zandu informed us you were coming at midday!



The traitor was already marked for punishment. Later, in another part of the Caton headquarters, grim orders were given.

You are the one who first made contact with Toth Zandu?

Yes, sir.

You will accompany this trained killer to Trigan City. You will lead him to the victim's residence and point him out. Then you will render any necessary assistance in eliminating Toth Zandu!

All that day, bells rang throughout the Trigan Empire in honour of the victorious attack. Toth Zandu was baffled and frightened.

Cato is now in desperate straits for, despite their recent victories on land and sea, they are now without air-cover.

It can't be true! I read of the Trigans' defeat in the future.

When dusk fell over Trigan City, a high-flying aircraft dropped two avengers.

Toth Zandu was alone in his luxury villa when they burst in on him.

I think you can guess why we're here, double-dealer!

Toth Zandu's hand stabbed a button.

DON LAWRENCE

The assassins from Cato were instantly surrounded by a sheer-sided projectile-proof wall that rose from the floor.

Fools! Though I know that no harm is destined to come to me, I take reasonable precautions against my enemies.

Later, Toth Zandu left his villa and climbed into his hover-auto.

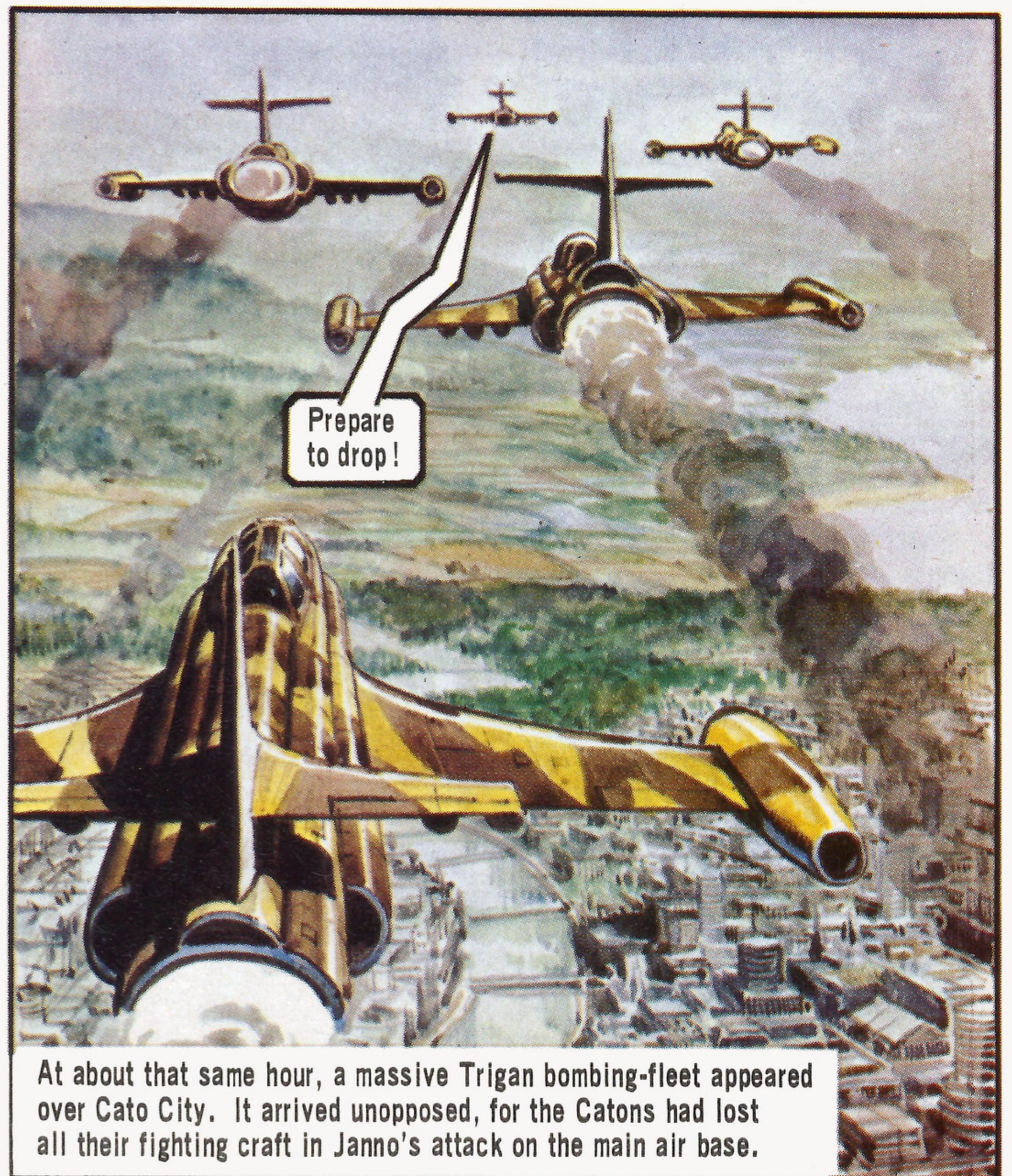
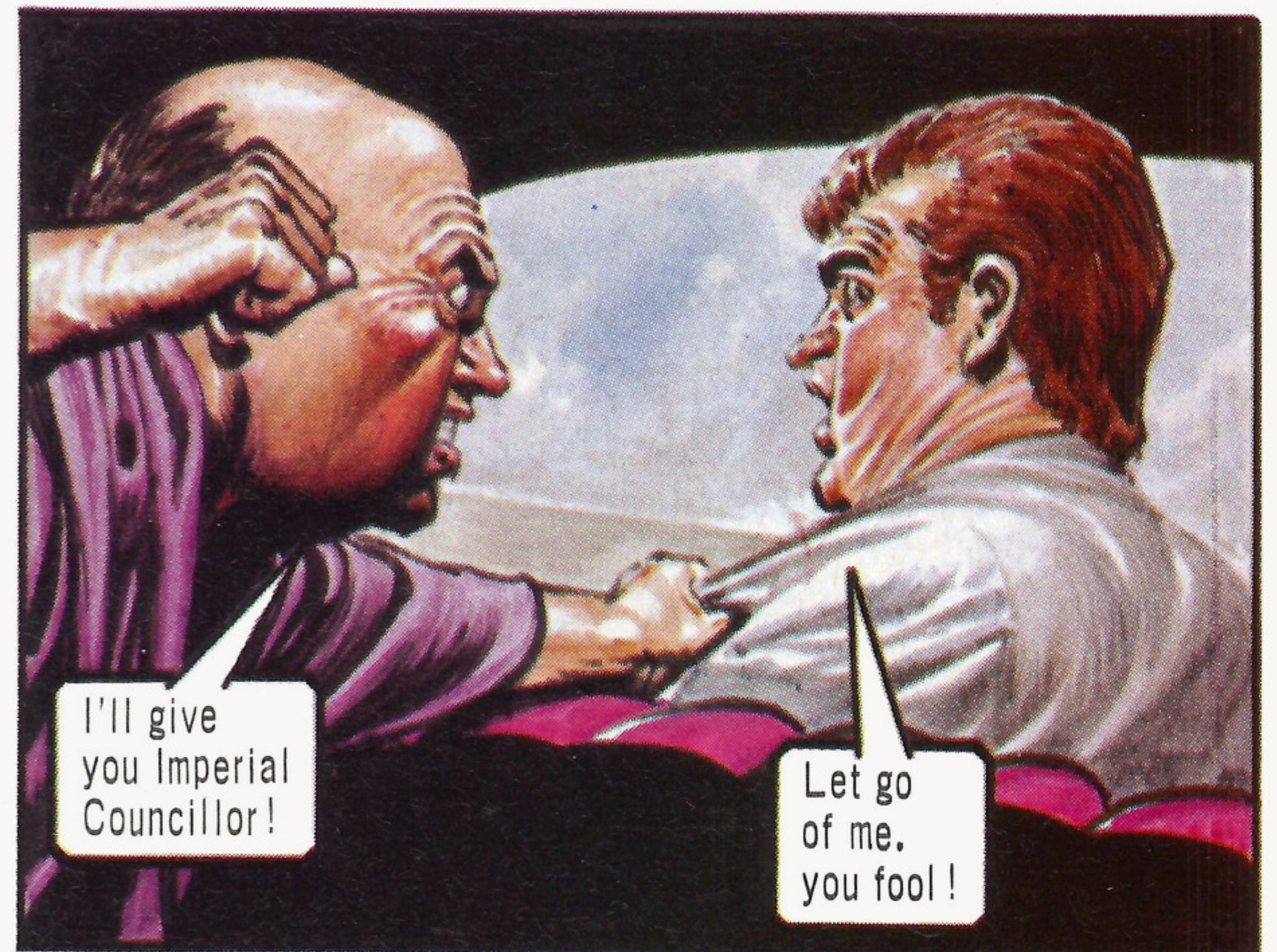
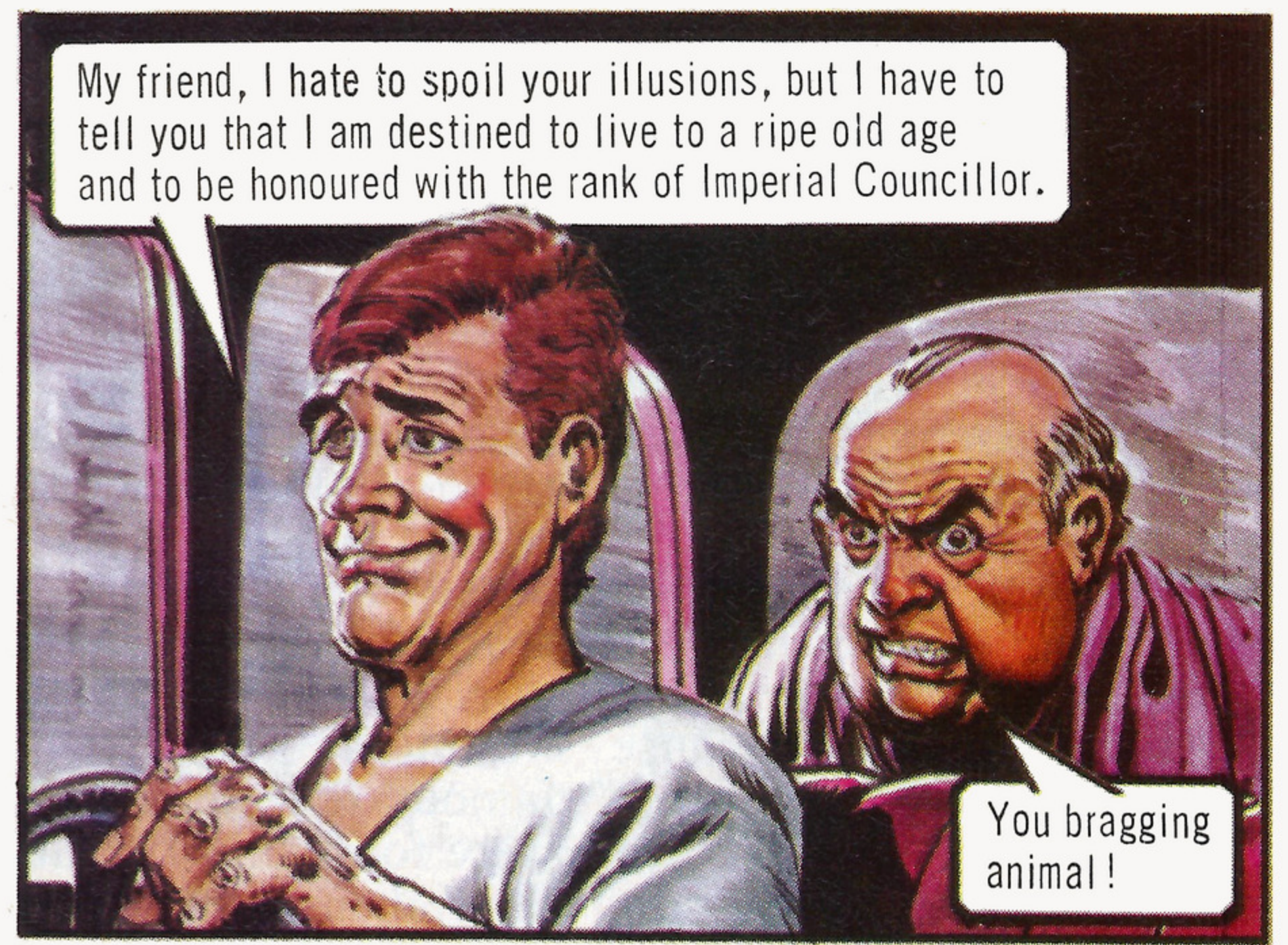
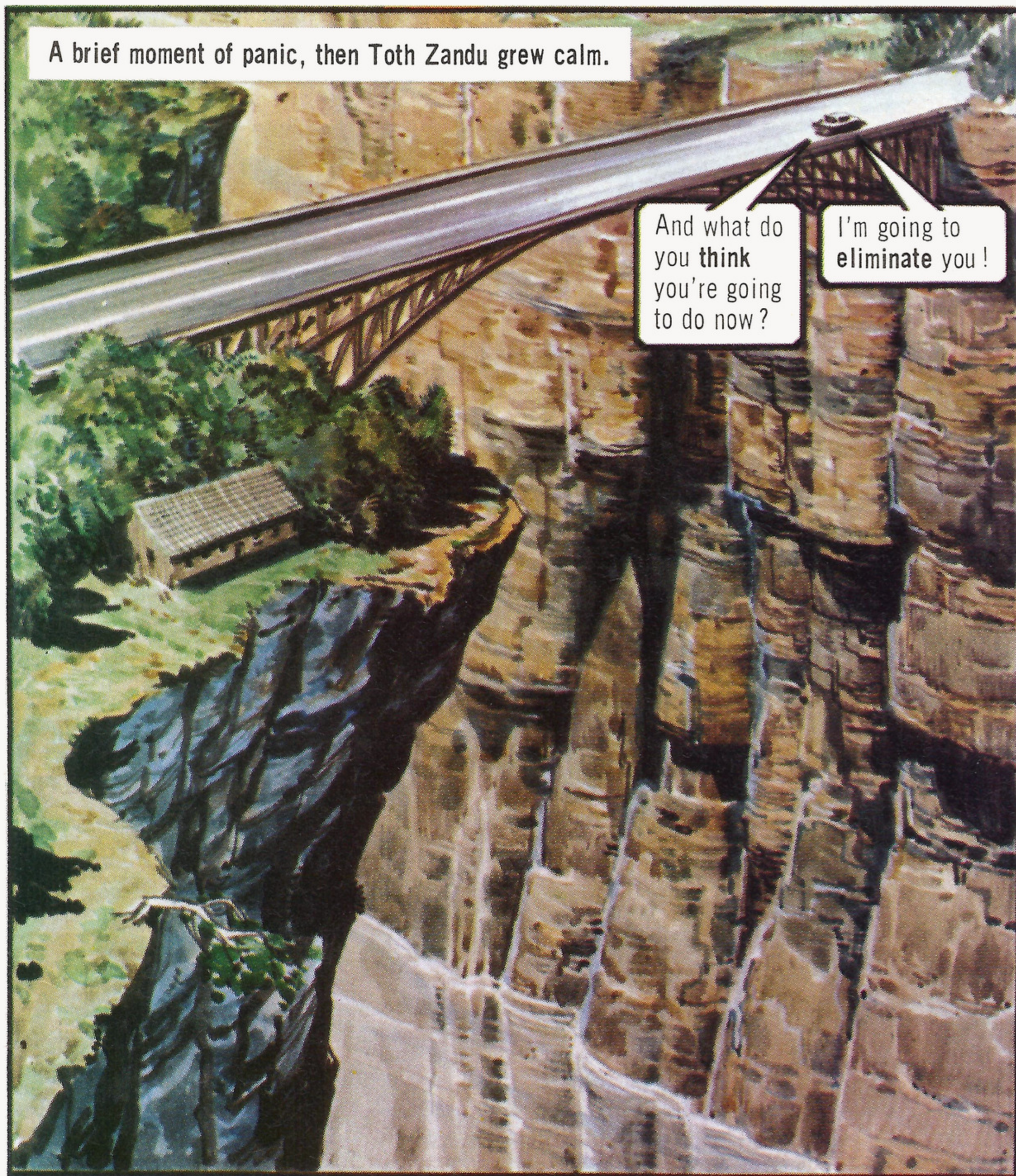
This new development makes my position insecure. I must go to the Emperor and give him a number of sensational predictions about the future. Then I am safe, no matter what.

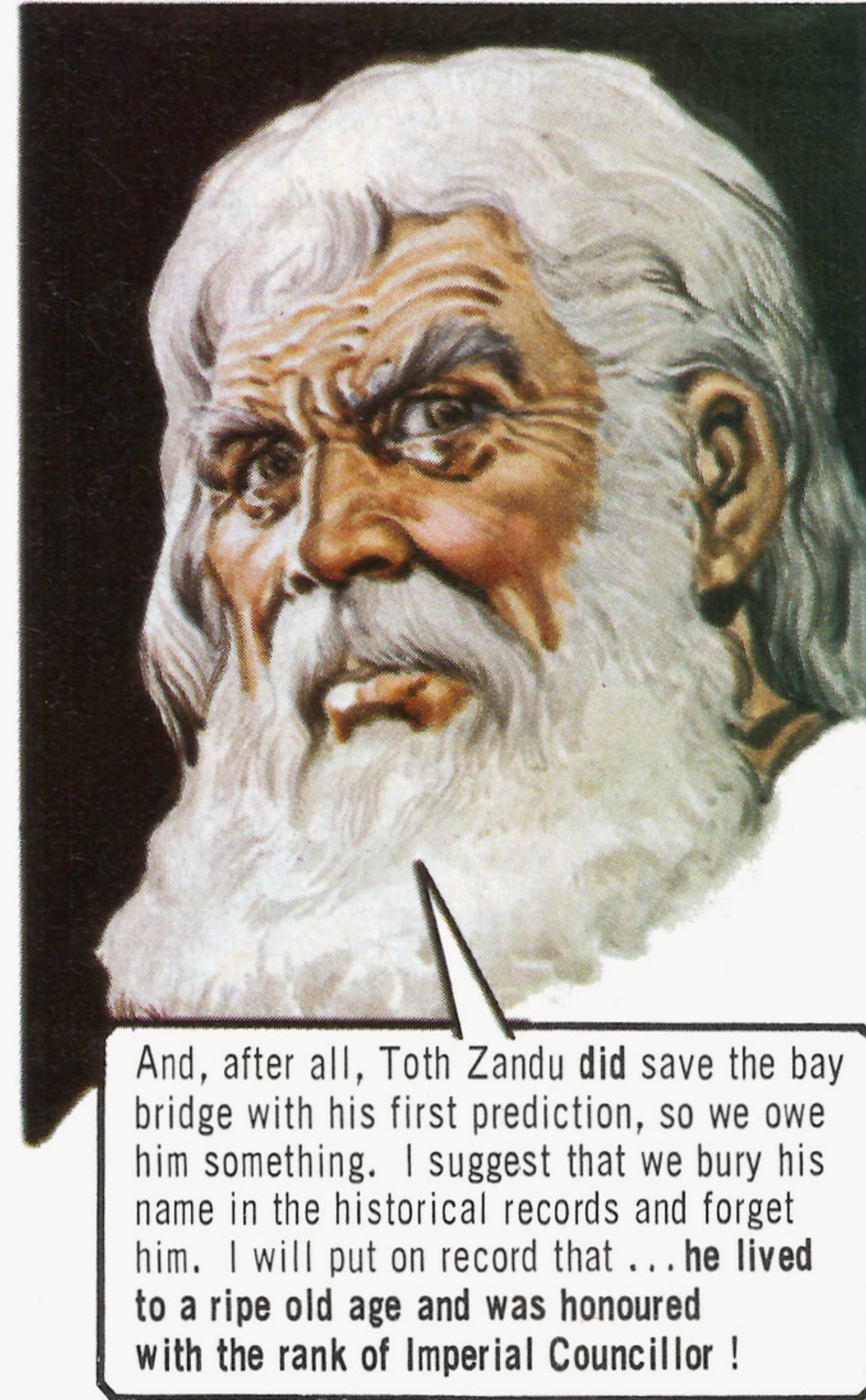
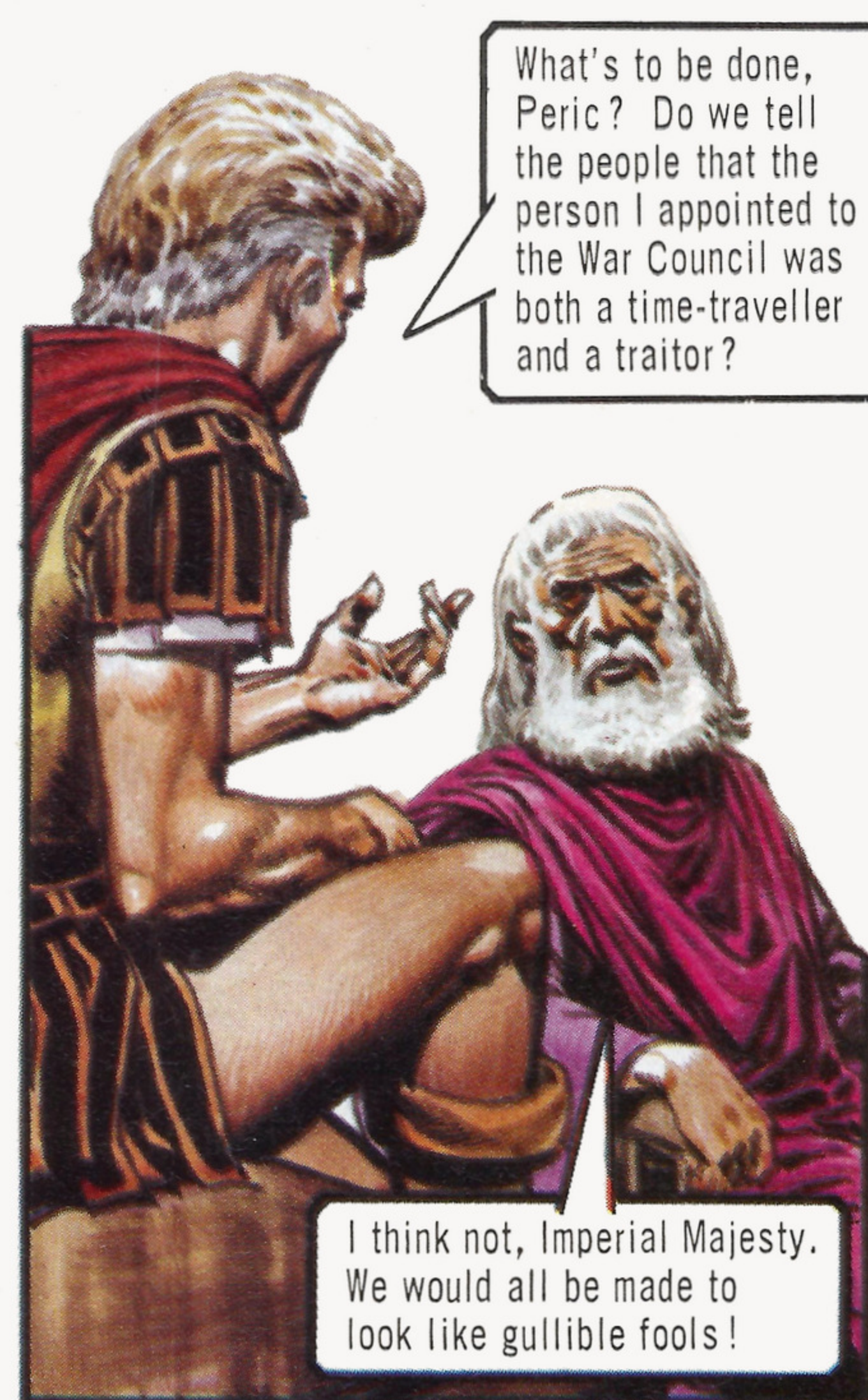
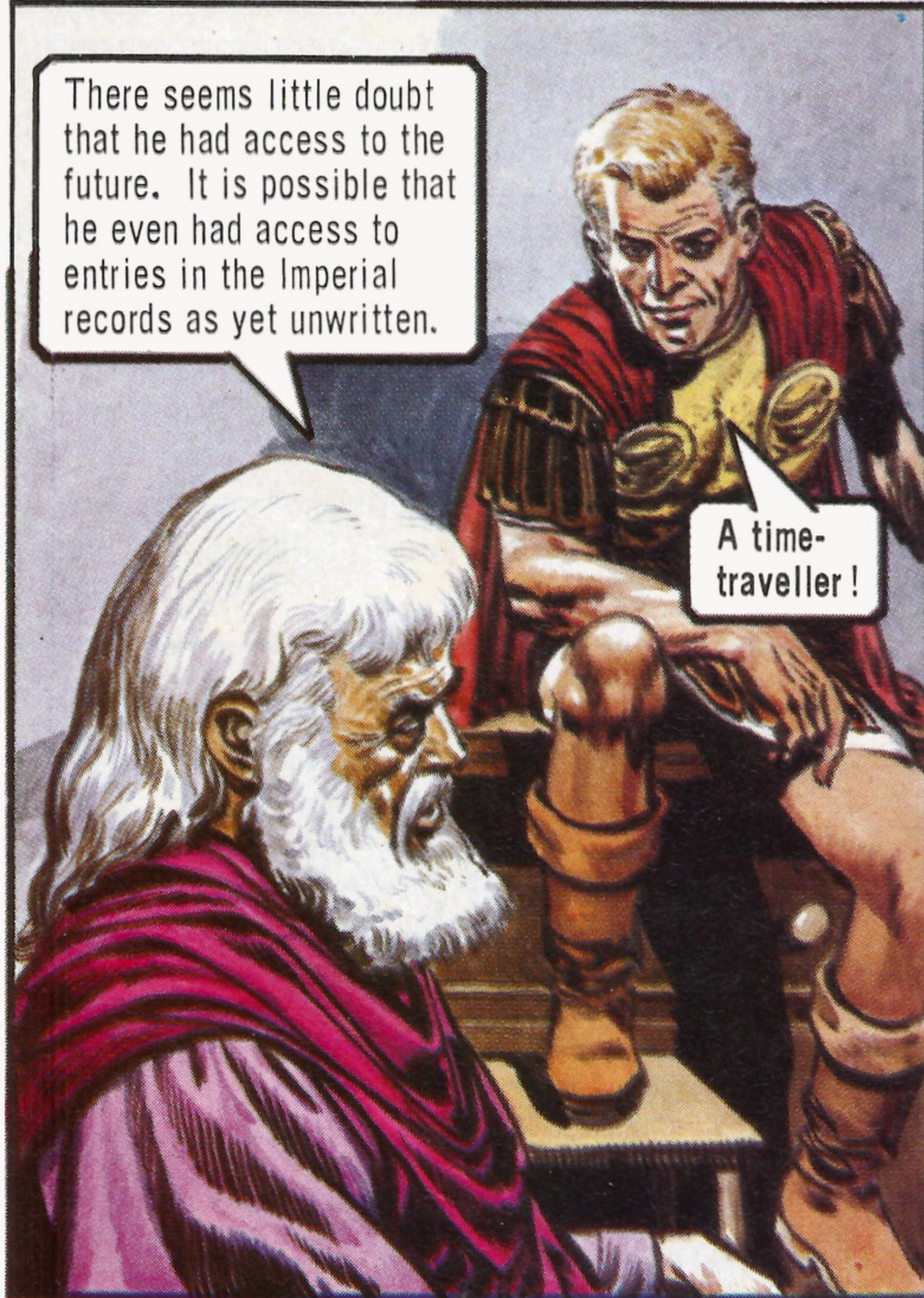
As he sped towards the city centre, he heard a sound behind him.

You! What do you want?

Vengeance!

It was Toth Zandu's sworn enemy – the one he had cheated out of a fortune.





Mike Butterworth

Don Lawrence

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

THE MAN FROM THE FUTURE



• DON LAWRENCE... '98